Fit "Triplex" -and be safe HILLMAN do

1/-

The Sketch

BY APPOINTMENT
GAYMER'S CYDER
WM. GAYMER & SON LTD.
ATTLEBOROUGH, ENGLAND.

10 YEARS OLD
SCOTCH HIGHLAND QUEEN WHISKY
MACDONALD & MUIR, Scotch Whisky Distillers, LEITH, EDINBURGH; also GLASGOW & LONDON.

You'll be surprised
WHAT A DIFFERENCE AN ADDITION OF
COINTREAU
Extra Dry for England
MAKES TO YOUR FRUIT SALAD
The Well Balanced Liqueur!

Grant's Scotch Whisky
"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

SPINK
5, 6 & 7 KING STREET
ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.1.
— ESTD. 1772 —
Telephone: Whitehall 5275 (5 lines)
CASH BUYERS OF
FINE JEWELS
DIAMONDS
ANTIQUE AND
MODERN SILVER

THE ACADEMY OF BEAUTY CULTURE, LTD.
73, NEW BOND STREET, W.1
Telephone: Mayfair 0438
SAFE, PERMANENT and PAINLESS CURE for SUPERFLUOUS HAIR by LATEST VIENNESE METHOD.

PRICE ONE SHILLING: BY INLAND POST, 1/1½
Canada and Newfoundland 1½d.; Foreign 3d.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND AND REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

PUBLISHING OFFICE:
32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4.

FLATS.

LATYMER COURT, W.6

RENTS FROM £110 to £250 p.a.

Flats designed for comfort and convenience with every amenity including—Central Heating, Constant Hot Water, Automatic Lifts, House Telephones, Uniformed Staff, Garages, Restaurant, Squash Courts, etc.

PLANS and PARTICULARS from the LETTING OFFICE, LATYMER COURT, W.6. (*Riverside* 3961.)

The advantages of living in Hampstead and the convenience of being in Town Flats with well-lighted rooms and every modern convenience at moderate rentals.

ST. JOHN'S COURT

OVER JOHN BARNES' NEW STORE IN FINCHLEY ROAD.

Furnished Show Flats are open for inspection. Descriptive Booklet on request to Messrs. Hillier, Parker, May & Rowden, 27, Maddox St., W. 1, *Telephone: Mayfair* 7666, or The Letting Office, St. John's Court, N.W. 3. *Telephone: Maida Vale* 6310.

BRITISH HOTELS.

SUNNY ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

Try this hotel with its modern appointments and fine apartments—on a coast that enjoys the sunniest and most equable climate in England. Real comfort and quiet awaits you. Electric lift, private suites, central and electric heating, large public rooms, 120 ft. Sun Lounge facing the sea, famous chef, first-class cuisine and vintage wines. Write for illustrated booklet. Terms from as low as **4½ Gns.** weekly inclusive. ***Telephone: Hastings 869.***

BOGNOR REGIS DALBEATTIE WEST PARADE

"The House in the Sun"

Select Private Hotel now open for a limited number of guests desiring Rest, Comfort, Service, Cuisine :: Apply Manageress

Telephone 1492 Telegrams "Dalbeattie" Bognor Regis

MAKE HOLIDAY IN LAKELAND AND STAY AT

THE KESWICK HOTEL

the leading up-to-date Hotel in the district, and in charming grounds, at Keswick-on-Derwentwater. Brochure and tariff from the proprietors, J. and M. WIVELL & SON.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.—Grand Hotel Panhans.—World-ren'wd hotel of Austrian Alps. 60 miles fr. Vienna Sports. Cures. Casino de Jeu. Pens. 15/- up.

Semmering.—3000 ft. a.s.l.—1½ hrs. fr. Vienna. **Suedbahn Hotel, The Golfer's Home.**—Open-air Swimming pool.

BELGIUM.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Fac. sea and Bathing. Mod. terms. Nr. Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Add.: Palace, Knocke.

Knocke-Zoute.—The Rubens Hotel.—The finest hotel in the best position on sea-front, near Casino. Free Conveyance to Links.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad C.S.R. — Hotel Königsvilla. — The best place for Rheumatic-Heart complaints and Women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Antibes.—Hotel Du Cap D'Antibes.—Pavillon Eden Roc Winter and Summer Residence.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus serv. with Monte Carlo & Menton.—Tennis, Swim. pool. 15 acrs. priv. Pk. Inc. fm. 70 frs., bath rm. 85 frs.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet. P. de C.—Golf Hotel.—Facing Links. Visitors have privilege of daily green fees. Open until October.

Le Touquet. — Hotel Regina. — Facing Sea, opposite Swimming Pool. 1st class residential hotel. Attractive incl. rates.

Monte-Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 Rms. 280 bath. Entirely renovated 1934. Inclusive from 65 frs. With bath from 80 frs. Open all year.

Monte-Carlo.—The Monte-Carlo Palace.—1st class, up-to-date, facing Casino, sea-view, open all the yr. Inclus. fm. 50 frs., with bth. fm. 65 frs.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—" Bellevue."—The well-known first-class Family Hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenners Stephanie.—The leading hotel.

Baden-Baden.—(Black Forest).—Brenner's Parkhotel.—Pension from M. 14

GERMANY—*continued.*

Baden-Baden.—Bühlerhöhe.—800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets. Rest-cures. Pension from R.M. 11 upwards.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful pos. opp. Casino. Mod'nly renovated. 260 beds. Rooms from R.M.5. Pension from R.M.11.

Baden-Baden. — Hotel Frankfurter Hof. — Wholly renov. Facg. Kur-park. A home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices moderate.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel—150 beds, large park, close Casino. Pension terms: R.M. 11 up. Personal management: H. A. Rossler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg. — Fr. Hoellischer. First-class Family hotel. Full pension from R.M.9.

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl.—Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house. Mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M.9.

Bad Nauheim.—Hilbert's Park Hotel.—First-class Family Hotel. Unique location in quiet pos'n of the Kur-Park. opp. Baths and Springs.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1937.

Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—Most beautiful position facing the Kur-park and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension from R.M.10.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—**Staatl Kurhotel.**—Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 10.50.

Cologne.—Hotel Comœdienhof.—Nr. Stn. & Cathl. New wg. Dec. '36. Rms. fr. R.M. 4., lav. & toil. fm. R.M.6., pr. bath fr. R.M.8. Gar. A. Grieshaber, Mgr.

Cologne.—Hotel Fürstenhof am Dom.—Up-to-date, renovated in 1937. Connected with Restaurant and Café. Director: Otto Holl.

Cologne. — Hotel Monopol-Metropol. — The modern home for travellers. First-class Restaurant.

Dresden. — Hotel Bellevue. — The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn. Park. Terraces. Reduced rates. Gar. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Dresden. — Hotel Schiller. — The latest, first-class Hotel. World renowned, distinguished family-home. Near Station.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—continued.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Dusseldorf.—Bahnhof Hotel.—The first-class Hotel facing the station. 120 bedrooms, 20 priv. bathrooms. Garage. Restaurants.

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—L. ht. World ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150 r. fr. 6, 75 Pr. B. fr 9.

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading, but not expensive. Grillroom. Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—Near Central Station. Fam. for its Hors D'œuvres Rooms from M5. Gar. and Pumps on the prem.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch. — Bavarian Alps. — **Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.**—Facing the Zugspitze, 1st-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

Hanover. Hotel Ernst August. The city's most distinguished hotel of international name. Owner: Friedr. Wilh. Nolte.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First-class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from R.M.5.

Heidelberg, Black Forest.—Hotel Reichspost.—The Hotel for Personal Service, Comfort and Refinement in the Black Forest

Hundseck near Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus & Res-t'rant Hundseck (2952 ft.) Sit. on Black Ft. 160 beds. All mod. com't. Pen. fm. R.M. 7 to R.M.9

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—Hotel Grunewald.—Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.

Munich.—Hotel " Der Königshof" Karlsplatz.—1st-class. Central sit. 150 rooms. 50 bths. from 5 mks. New garage in hotel.

Munich. — Park Hotel. —Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Nuremberg.—Hotel Königshof.—All comforts, moderate prices. Situated the entrance of the old town. Opposite the Station.

Sand.—Kurhaus Sand, R.A.C Hotel.—(2900 ft.) Bk. Forest, nr. Baden-Baden. Lake & sun-b'g., fishing. Incl. terms fm. Mks. 6. Catalogues.

Sasbachwalden, Black Forest.-Landhaus Fuchs.—20 mls. fr. Baden-Baden, a country house design-ed for the few Priv. swim. pl. R.A.C., N.T.C. htl.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Walchensee Strandhotel Fischer. — Facing beautiful Lake, Alps. Every comfort. Pens. from 7 Mk.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. oppos. Pk. & Op. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pension from R.M. 10.

Wiesbaden.— Hotel Rose.— World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc'y. Pen. fr. Marks 12.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four Seasons). Select home of Society. Best pos'n. opp. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. fm. R.M. 12.

ITALY

Stresa, Lake Maggiore.—Regina Palace Hotel on the lake. Pension from Lire 50. Tennis. Golf. Orchestra.

SWITZERLAND.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—(Lake Thun)—Full sth. on lake front. Large pk. Gar. 1st-cl. fam. htl. Bathing. Ten. Golf. Pens. from Fr. 11.50 up.

Lausanne.—Victoria Hotel.—(First-class). The most comfortable at the station. Most moderate terms. Personal attention.

Lucerne.—Hotel Beau-Rivage.—Facing lake, next door to Casino. First-class. Excellent food. Pension from S. Frs. 13.

Lucerne.— Carlton Hotel.— 1st-class English house. Finest sit. on lake. Open-air rests. Priv. lake baths free for guests. Pk. Ten. Gar.

Lucerne.—The National. — Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland) Grand Hotel Palace.—Finest sit. dir'tly on lake-prom., quiet yet central, open-air rest'ant, large park, tennis.

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rooms facing lake. Mod. Comft. Golf, Tennis, Lge. Pk., Gar., Bch.

Thun.—Hotel Bellevue and Park.—Central for excursions. Pension from fr. 10. Large park. Tennis. Swimming and Golf.

Wengen.—Grand Hotel Belvedere.—First cl. htl. with every mod. comft., excel. cuisine, lge. gdn., swim., ten., mountaineering, all inc. rates fr. 15/-.

Wengen.—Palace.—The leading Hotel of the Jungfrau District. Inclusive terms from Frs. s. 14.50. F. Borter, Propr.

CHEZ KORNILOFF — PARIS (Etoile)

6, rue d'Armaillé (extension of Avenue Carnot, 3rd Building.)

Famous French-Russian Restaurant.

Specialities: BLINI, CAVIAR, CÔTELETTES KORNILOFF, GROUSE, ETC.

Ems Rhineland

World-renowned Spa against Catarrhs and Asthma

(*Golf Championship, August 9—15.*)

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris & Berlin.

AT the PARIS Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE" "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at BERLIN, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

All Continental Business Enquiries should be addressed to: PARIS OFFICE: 65-67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, *for* France, Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States. BERLIN OFFICE: Kurfürstendamm, 32, *for* Germany, Scandinavia, The Baltic States, Russia and Poland.

The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Paris.

By Appointment

YOUR LUGGAGE, SIR?

No. R.15. This 24 in. model in super-quality leather-finished Brown Vulcanised Fibre, real leather corners, best Chromium-Plated Locks and Fittings.

£4 . 2 . 6

Have you ever felt just a little ashamed at having to acknowledge ownership of luggage unworthy of you?

Revelation—the world's most famous suitcase — commands respect everywhere. Its reputation, however, has not been earned solely through its smartness and long - lasting qualities but also because of the obliging way it becomes the exact size you want for any length of trip, closing always with surprising ease even after adding your return journey extras.

Over thirty models. All Revelations in Leather or Vulcanised Fibre are **GUARANTEED FOR FIVE YEARS** Rawhide from **£5 - 17 - 6**; Cowhide from **80/-**; Vulcanised Fibre from **40/-**; Fibre from **10/6**.

RAWHIDE

No.R.24c.c. This 24 in. model, with hand-sewn corners, in Rawhide — the parchment-coloured natural leather now so much in vogue. The super - quality fittings are Chromium-Plated.

£7 . 7 . 6

AT ALL STORES & LUGGAGE DEALERS

AND

REVELATION SUITCASE CO., LTD., 170 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

(Agents for Revelation Supplies Ltd.)

REV-ROBE. Ask your dealer to show you the latest Revelation product—REV-ROBE—the travel wardrobe hardly larger than a hatbox. It holds 12 dresses, folding and packing them in one operation.

REVELATION

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS SUITCASE

BY ELIZABETH ARDEN

Dark Tans are definitely out of favour. In their place, Elizabeth Arden sponsors the new Sun-Beige complexion —a clear golden shade that is wonderfully becoming. To acquire the fashionable Sun-Beige tint, use;

ARDENA PROTECTA CREAM
guards against freckles and sunburn. Waterproof. White, Naturelle, Rachel, Rose Rachel, Rosetta-Bronze, Sun-Beige Tubes 5/6, 8/6; jars 12/6

IDEAL SUNTAN OIL
keeps the skin soft and supple while you beige. Honey and Café 4/6, 7/6 and 12/6

LILLE DE FRANCE
is the perfect new powder foundation. Naturelle, Special Rachel, Rose Rachel, Sun-Beige and Rosetta-Bronze - - 8/6

ARDENA SUN-PRUF CREAM
prevents burning but permits tanning; an excellent powder foundation - - - - - - 3/6 and 5/6

VELVA BEAUTY FILM
gives arms, legs and back a simulated sun-tan. Sun-Beige, Evening, Dark - - - - - - - Tube 6/6

SUN-BEIGE COMPLEXION BOX
contains every essential for the new summer make-up - 35/-

Elizabeth Arden

Elizabeth Arden, Ltd.

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W.1

THE BURBERRY

The World's Best Weatherproof

DAMP OR SHOWERY, OR WET WEATHER—
The Burberry is the Weatherproof to wear, because if damp or thoroughly wet The Burberry will keep one dry and comfortable beneath its sheltering cover.

CHILLY EAST WINDS—
The Burberry is the topcoat to wear because it keeps one comfortably warm by its fine close weaving which checks the blast which would otherwise chill one to the very marrow of one's bones.

SUMMER WEATHER—
If you don't want to chance it, take The Burberry—carried on the arm or in wear its weight is negligible and it does not engender heat.

Illustrations, patterns and prices sent on request. Please mention "The Sketch"

BURBERRYS LTD. HAYMARKET LONDON, S.W.1

The Sketch

No. 2321—Vol. CLXXIX. WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1937. ONE SHILLING.

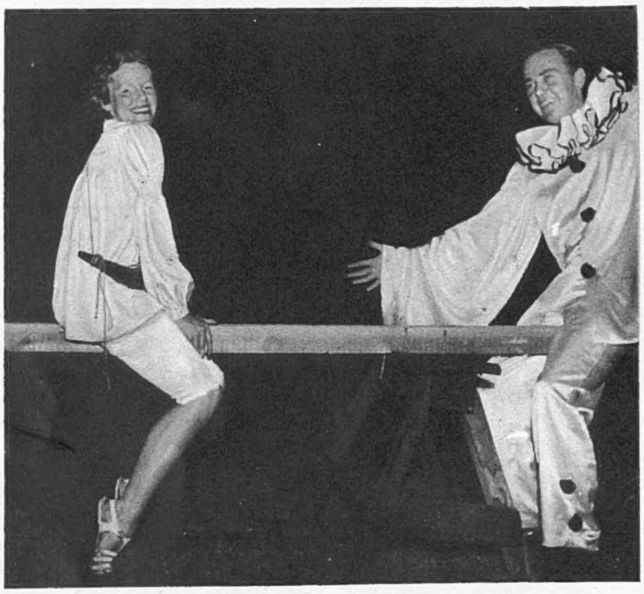
PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTMANN (CANDID, LTD.).

POPPET THE SHEPHERDESS.

MRS. POPPET JACKSON *(formerly Miss Poppet John), daughter of Augustus John, R.A., the famous artist, wore this lovely eighteenth-century Shepherdess's costume at the recent* Fête Champêtre *given by Mr. Cecil Beaton at his Wiltshire home. Other photographs of guests in various clever and decorative fancy dresses appear on following pages.*

FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE AT ASHCOMBE HOUSE:

Mr. Cecil Beaton and Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith gave a very successful Fête Champêtre at Mr. Beaton's Wiltshire home, Ashcombe House. The guests dancing round the maypole include MRS. BEATON (extreme left), SIR ALFRED BEIT, BT., the HON. DAVID HERBERT, LADY PATRICIA WARD, LADY MARY DUNN, LADY O'NEILL, and MR. EUGENE PEYNALL.



Right: LADY MARY DUNN, daughter of the Earl of Rosslyn, wore a Little Boy Blue suit. She is with Pierrot, MR. EUGENE REYNALL.

LORD DAVID CECIL, younger son of the Marquess of Salisbury, and LADY DAVID CECIL (formerly Miss Rachel MacCarthy) by the bonfire.

Since LADY STAVORDALE was dressed as Pan, BARON RADOURTZ thought she might like some carrots.

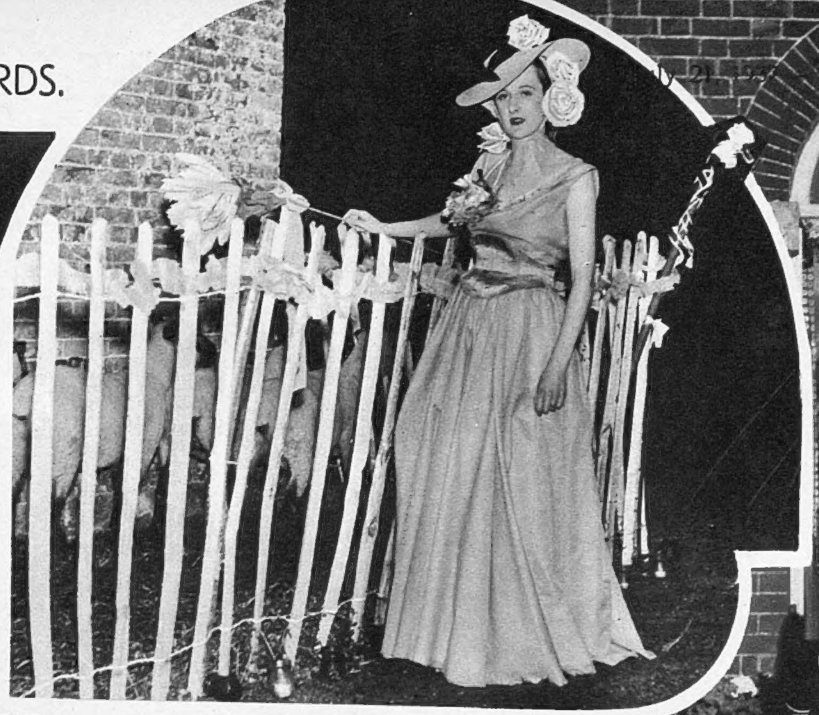
Right: MR. CECIL BEATON wore a costume of his own design, with roses and broken eggs to adorn the coat and a design of beetles on the breeches.

VISCOUNT MOORE, son of the Earl of Drogheda, and VISCOUNTESS MOORE came as an eighteenth-century Country Squire and his Wife.

Left: The HON. DAVID HERBERT (younger son of the Earl of Pembroke) and LADY CAROLINE PAGET (daughter of the Marquess of Anglesey) are apparently breaking through the bushes.

The HON. EDWARD WARD sat on the lawn with MISS VIRGINIA GILLIATT.

SOCIETY NYMPHS AND SHEPHERDS.



MRS. ALEC HAMBRO, *formerly Miss Baba Beaton, as a Shepherdess, with her sheep.*

Left: The MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY, *who is well known as the artist, Cathleen Mann, is here showing her catch to* MR. JOHN RUSSELL.

SIR HUGH SMILEY, BT. *(brother-in-law of Mr. Beaton) and* MISS D. CHATTOCK *wore peasant costumes.*

LADY BROWNLOW, *wife of Lord Brownlow, with* SIR ALFRED BEIT, BT.

Left: LADY ALEXANDRA HAIG, *sister of the young Earl Haig, was lovely as Ceres.*

MR. CLIVE BELL *in the goat-cart, watched by the* HON. VIOLA LYTTELTON.

Right: SIR MICHAEL DUFF-ASSHETON-SMITH, BT., *was splendid in a plumed helmet and seventeenth-century Roman attire. He is with* MADAME JEAN RALLI.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

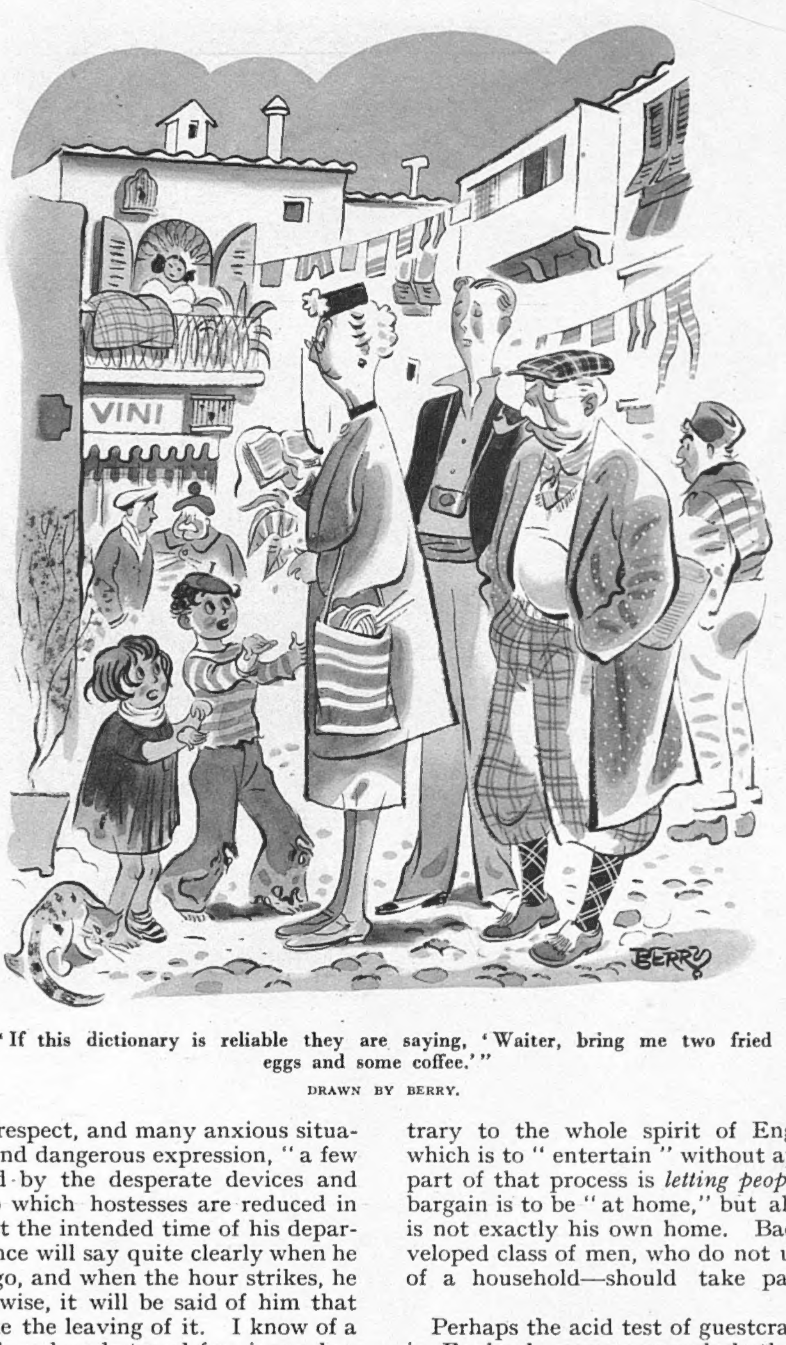
ANGELS UNAWARES.

LAST week I ventured some observations on the sacred and ancient art of hospitality, from the host's point of view. Pursuing the fruitful theme, I jot down one or two random notions about the art of guestship. Attention to a few simple points makes all the difference between the welcome guest, whom you will be glad to see again, and the tiresome guest, who will not darken your door again if you can possibly help it. Was it said of Oscar Wilde, or did he say it of somebody else, that he had been invited to every interesting house in England *once*? When staying in other people's houses, we should always remember that social "oncer" as an awful warning. And it is easy to become a social "oncer" not merely through eating peas with a knife, or drinking out of the finger-bowl, but through little annoying tricks which make an otherwise presentable person *just not* congenial to have about the house.

The first thing of which guests ought to be conscious—and they constantly ignore it—is the time-factor. They should, to begin with, be perfectly definite about their time of arrival. Again and again I have known hostesses embarrassed because a guest is expected on such-and-such a day, but has not given the slightest indication whether he will arrive in time for luncheon or tea or dinner. It is strange that people who, in their own houses, know from experience all the problems of catering for exact numbers, in other people's houses seem to think that the Lord will provide. Even more important than the time of arrival is the time of departure. Of course, hosts and hostesses ought to be (and some are) quite firm on this point; they should say, in no uncertain terms, "We shall be delighted to have you from . . . till . . .," and leave no doubt about the matter. But many timid souls have a delicacy in this respect, and many anxious situations have arisen from that vague and dangerous expression, "a few days." I have often been amused by the desperate devices and transparent "fishing inquiries" to which hostesses are reduced in order to extract from a vague guest the intended time of his departure. A guest of sense and experience will say quite clearly when he will come and when he intends to go, and when the hour strikes, he will do as he said, and *go*. Otherwise, it will be said of him that nothing in his visit became him like the leaving of it. I know of a case of a man who came for a week-end and stayed for six weeks; but, of course, weed-killer ought to have been introduced into his soup long before that period had expired.

The time-factor is also important in the matter of meals; and here again I notice that people who are very fretful about punctuality at meals in their own homes, and who well know what insurrection may arise in the kitchen over cold soup and deflated *soufflés* and things fried to a cinder, are strangely inconsiderate under alien roofs. It may be a hard saying, but I hold that the time-factor is as important at breakfast as at other meals. Hostesses gaily refer to breakfast as "a movable feast"—it is one of their worst and most persistent *clichés*—but they do not really mean it; for, in spite of all the hot-plates and other inventions of a scientific age, there is a point at which bacon-and-eggs becomes a congealed and revolting mass, toast becomes vulcanised, and coffee degenerates into a tepid, nasty draught. Besides, an incorrigible straggler at breakfast holds up the entire domestic economy, and earns the execration of those who have to carry on the morning household chores.

There is another class of persons to whom time seems to be entirely relative, and who are a social pest, wherever found. I refer to slow-motion eaters. We are taught—and rightly—not to gobble, but there is no need to out-Gladstone Gladstone in deliberateness of mastication. I find it difficult to be patient with diners who chatter garrulously, with a forkful of food poised in air, while everybody else is waiting for the next course, while the hostess toys distractedly with half-a-green-pea, and while servants hover uncertainly, not knowing whether to clear plates or not. These funereal chewers are invariably bores, as well as stumbling-blocks, because, when they are so oblivious of the convenience of others, it is quite certain that they are far more interested in their own conversation than anybody else is.

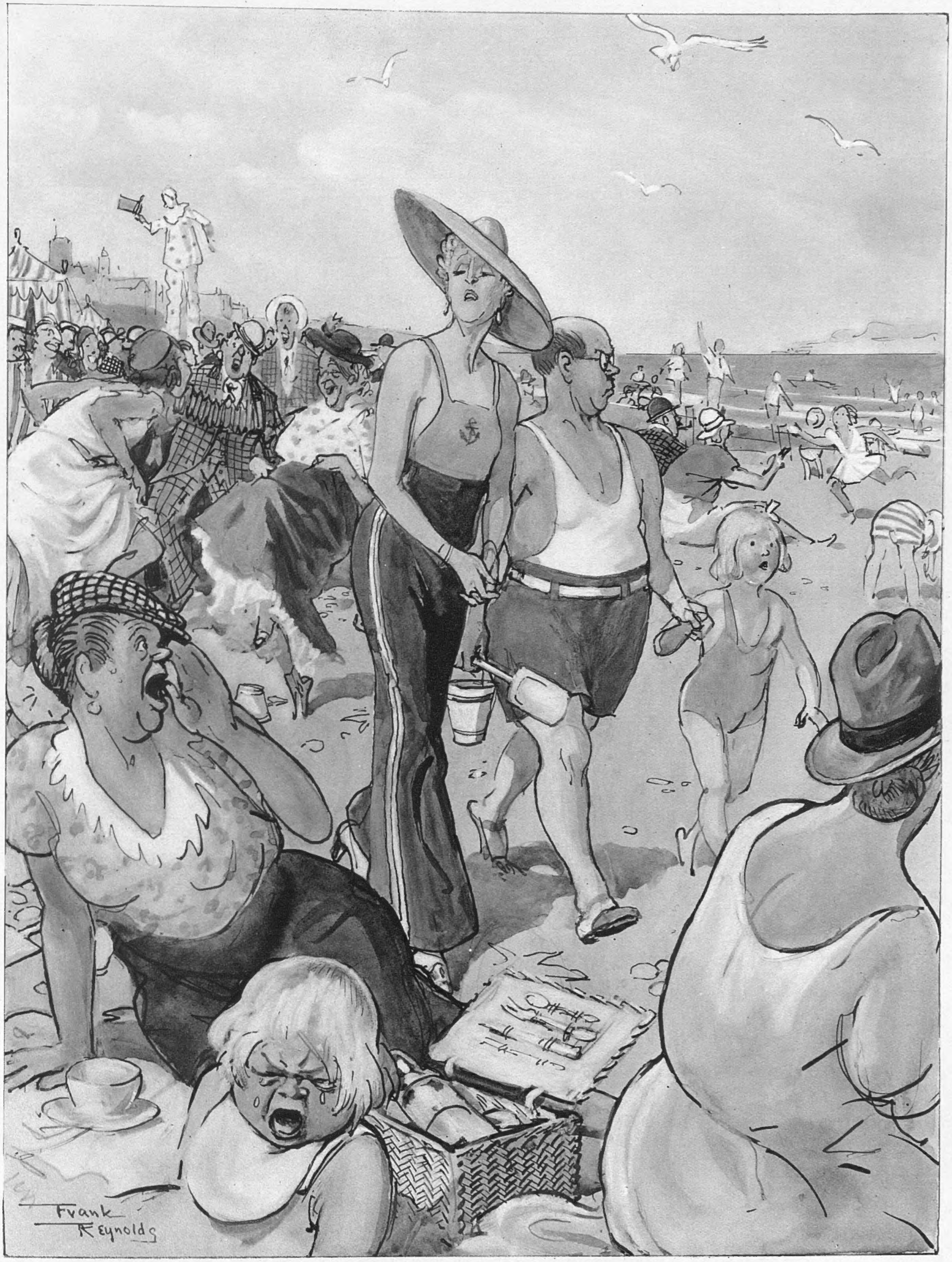


"If this dictionary is reliable they are saying, 'Waiter, bring me two fried eggs and some coffee.'"

DRAWN BY BERRY.

There are other little idiosyncrasies which we should all avoid, if we want our hosts and hostesses to feel that they are entertaining an angel unawares. There is, for example, a type of guest who is always wanting to send telegrams or trunk calls, and who never has a stamp, and who has just run out of cigarettes or tobacco. Still worse is the bland and casual ass who has forgotten to pack his studs or his black tie or even his pyjamas, and who borrows from his host with that irritating air of "It 's only me—of course you won 't mind my amusing little peculiarities!" Others, again, have a vicious trick of treating other people's servants as if they were their own—a habit which is resented by the servants even more than by their employers. Then there is another type of guest who expects to be "entertained," and who looks lost and helpless unless his whole day is filled up for him. This is contrary to the whole spirit of English hospitality, the essence of which is to "entertain" without appearing to do so. An important part of that process is *letting people alone*. The guest's side of the bargain is to be "at home," but always remembering that the home is not exactly his own home. Bachelors—a poor, backward, undeveloped class of men, who do not usually understand the machinery of a household—should take particular note of this principle.

Perhaps the acid test of guestcraft is the bathroom. Few houses in England possess enough bathrooms, and a certain communal spirit is nearly always necessary. Among guests, there are crashers, splashers, and dashers. The crashers, by fair means or foul, get in before anybody else, and soak themselves interminably. The splashers leave the bath-mat all ruckled-up and everything waterlogged. The dashers get in and out as quickly and as neatly as is decently possible. All guests who wish to be little rays of sunshine in the house, and to leave a good reputation behind with one and all, early learn to be dashers.



THE BRISTLEWOODS.

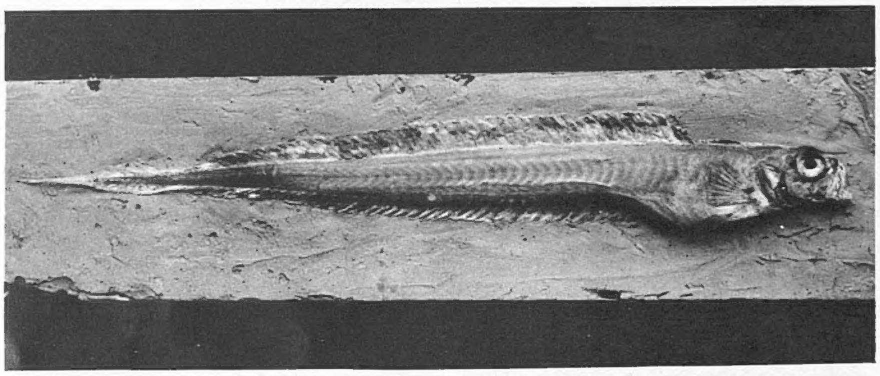
So this is the "secluded and select" resort they read so much about!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

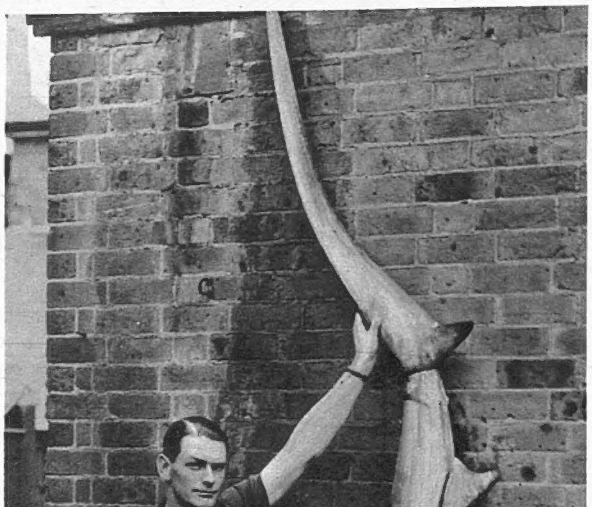
"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

ON June 4 a fish was caught in the Thames off Marlow Weir, and when examined was found to exhibit the curious deformity commonly described as "pug-nosed." The fish was sent to me, and, knowing that Mr. J. R. Norman, of the Natural History Museum, would be interested, I forwarded it to him. The specimen proved to be a dace, and this is, I believe, the first instance recorded of the deformity in this species. In Yarrell's "History of British Fishes" there is a quotation from the seventh edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" stating that in 1829 some very singular trout were received from a small loch called Lochdow, near Pitmain, Inverness-shire, with heads very short and round, and upper jaw truncated like that of a bulldog. One of them was presented to the museum of the Zoological Society by the Hon. Twiselton Fiennes. It would be interesting to know whether there are pug-nosed trout in Lochdow at the present time.

New Scottish Loch. Seeing my reference to the excellent fishing which has been had in Loch Spean, the new loch formed by the dam on the River Spean which flows out of Loch Laggan, Major Stirling writes to confirm the description as being in no way exaggerated. He has fished the new loch from Loch Laggan Hotel, which has the right of one boat, and in his opinion the trout, which average a good ¾ lb., are gamer than any he has met in a fairly extensive experience of Scottish lochs. Major Stirling states that he kept no fish under 11 inches and was well satisfied with baskets of twenty fish, though on most days he could have taken half as many again. Unless restrictions are imposed, the loch is likely to be ruined by over-fishing. Major Stirling sounds this warning and suggests that there should be a limit of ten brace and no fish under 11 inches should be retained. The limit might even be reduced to six brace, I think, without giving rise to any hardship. Some regulations are already enforced, one being that only two rods may fish from one boat. This appears to be a very necessary restriction, as Major Stirling saw a party of six arrive in a boat, three landing on a gravel bank to fish and the rest fishing from the boat.



The RED RIBBON, *or* SNAKE FISH, *is related to the Oarfish, which grows up to 20 ft. in length and is sometimes mistaken for a sea serpent. This Red Ribbon Fish, as related in the article on this page, was caught off the Isle of Wight by Master Trevor Evans.*



Some anglers go to New Zealand to catch THRESHER SHARKS. *Mr. K. C. Shilling caught this one, weighing 58 lb., in Bournemouth Bay. He was using rod and line, and mackerel for bait.*

Two Trout on One Hook. While he was fishing at Spean Loch, Major Stirling had rather an unusual experience. He hooked a small fish, which was seized almost at once by a larger trout. Major Stirling did not realise what had happened for some time, and was puzzled at the curious way the fish played. Then he saw that a good-sized trout was holding across its jaws the fish he had hooked. Major Stirling told his gillie not to let the fish see the net and to wait until he told him to do so before attempting to net it. Playing it steadily yet firmly for a few minutes until the trout showed signs of tiring, Major Stirling gave it line until it was about twenty feet from the boat; then, gently turning it, brought the trout in at a run and called out "Now!" to the gillie as it neared the boat. The manœuvre succeeded, and both fish were netted. The little one, hooked through the lip by the tail fly, bore tooth marks, but quickly recovered and swam away when returned to the water. The larger fish weighed 1 lb. 6 oz., and might have let go at any time while Major Stirling was playing it, had he not managed so skilfully.

MISS E. SPAULDING *has the reputation of being the champion woman angler in Jumeau, Alaska. She is posed with a salmon, which weighed 48 lb. dressed. Her bag on this particular day consisted of twelve large salmon, the smallest of which weighed 18 lb. dressed.*

Rare Fish Caught. While fishing with his father from the shore near Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, Trevor Evans, aged twelve, noticed a curious fish swimming close inshore. He managed to reach it with his hand and lifted it carefully ashore. In due course it was taken along to my old friend Mr. Percy Wadham, who is the accepted authority on matters piscatorial in the Isle of Wight. Mr. Wadham saw that it was a rare fish for our waters, and identified it as the red ribbon fish or snake fish (*Cepola rubescens*). He set to work making a plaster cast of the fish, and Mr. W. White took the photograph shown on this page while the fish was being cast.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

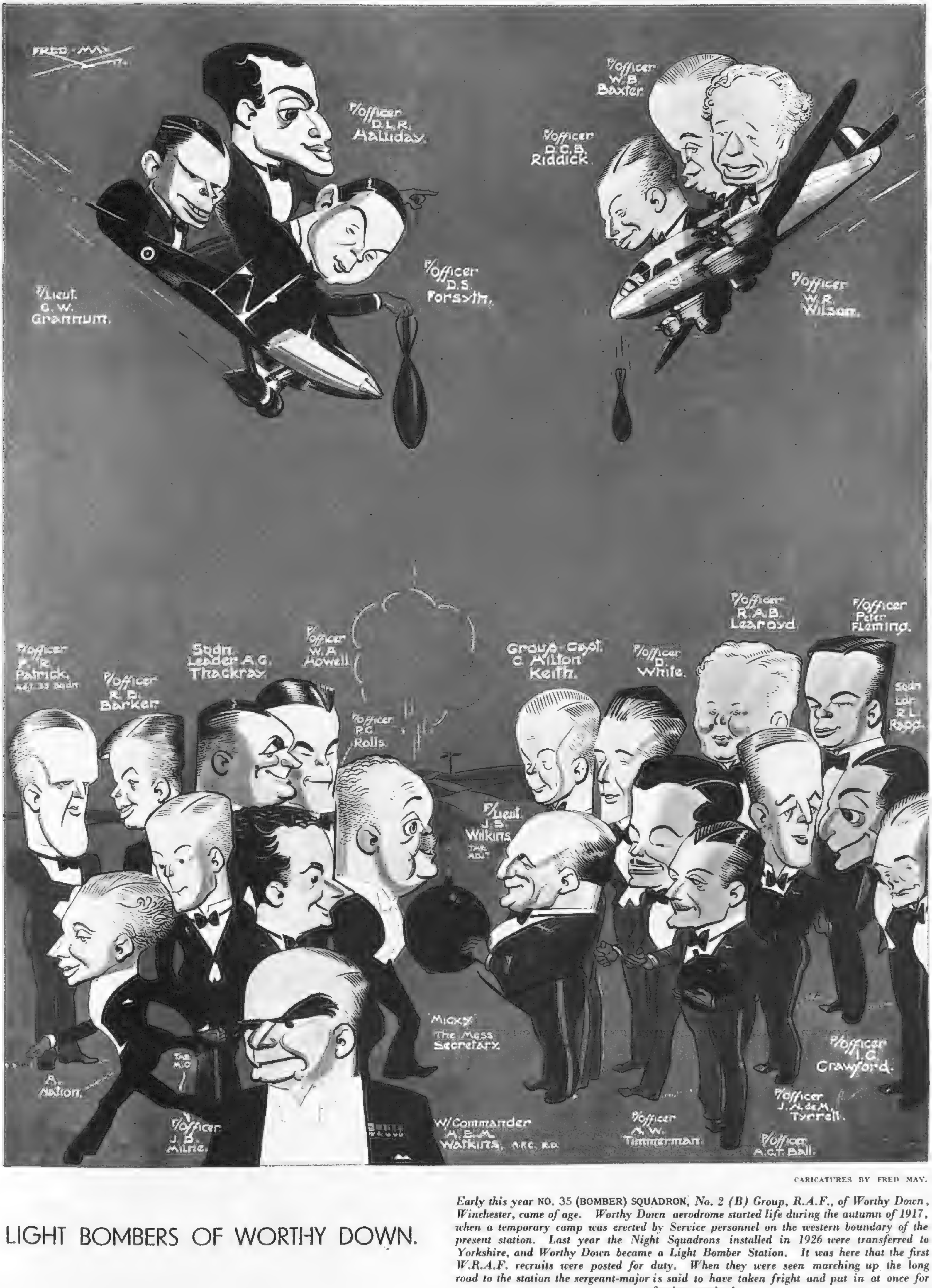
Mr. Forbes had eighty-four fish on the Delfur beat, River Spey, during June, and on the Castle Grant water Mr. A. Edward had ninety fish in six weeks.

A fine carp of 10¼ lb. was caught in a pond at Teddington last week by Mr. Fowle, of Cobham.

Heavy rain in Ireland has brought a good run of fish into the Derg and Mourne. In three days close on 200 fish were killed on the Mourne. Mr. W. Black had ten in one day, weighing 82 lb., which is believed to be a record for the river.

R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.



CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

LIGHT BOMBERS OF WORTHY DOWN.

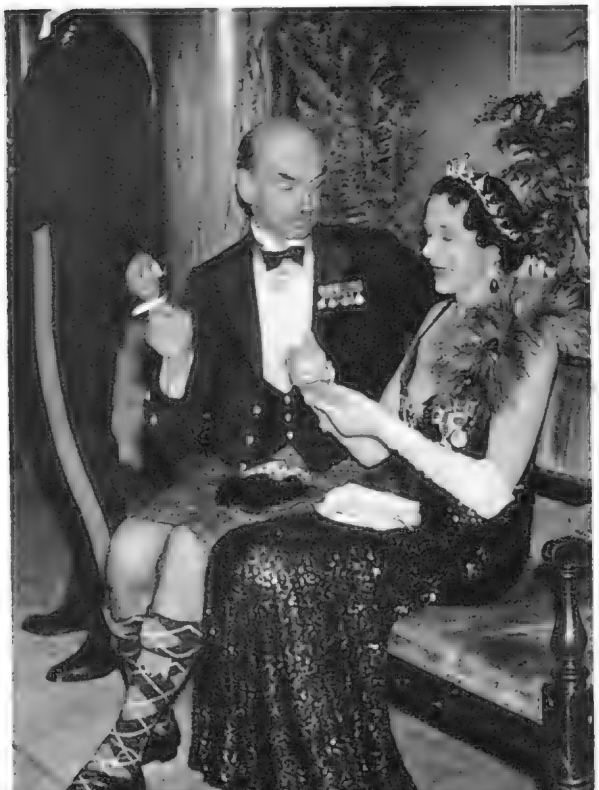
Early this year NO. 35 (BOMBER) SQUADRON, *No. 2 (B) Group, R.A.F., of Worthy Down, Winchester, came of age. Worthy Down aerodrome started life during the autumn of 1917, when a temporary camp was erected by Service personnel on the western boundary of the present station. Last year the Night Squadrons installed in 1926 were transferred to Yorkshire, and Worthy Down became a Light Bomber Station. It was here that the first W.R.A.F. recruits were posted for duty. When they were seen marching up the long road to the station the sergeant-major is said to have taken fright and put in at once for foreign service!*

CORONATION BALL, EDINBURGH

The Coronation Ball held in the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, in aid of the Boy Scouts' Association, was a very successful festivity. Our supper-party group consists of (l. to r.) the COUNTESS OF ELGIN, *the* EARL OF ELGIN, *the* COUNTESS OF MINTO, SIR IAIN COLQUHOUN, *and the* EARL OF MINTO.

SIR MARK DALRYMPLE, BT., *of Newhailes, is seen sitting out with* MISS HELEN LEATHAM.

Right: MISS DENNISTOUN *(left) is shown at supper with her parents,* COMMANDER *and* MRS. DENNISTOUN.



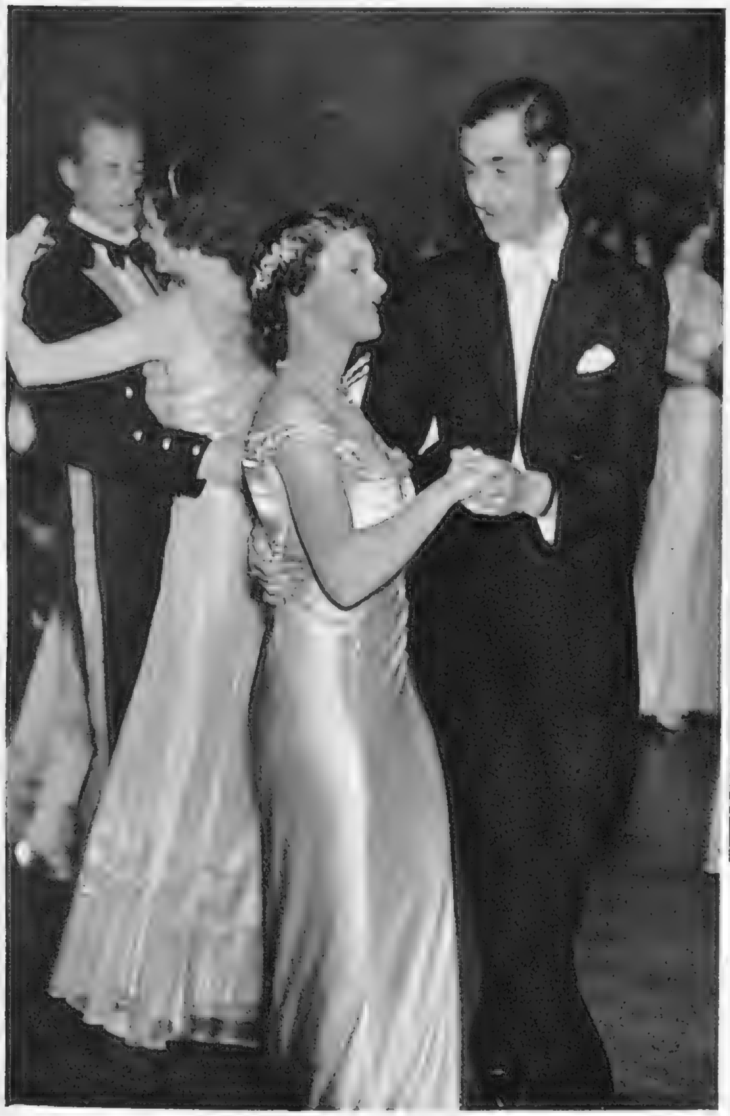
Left: VISCOUNTESS MASSEREENE AND FERRARD *looked well in a sequin dress. She is with* SIR DUNCAN HAY, BT., OF HAYSTOUN.

Right: The HON. DUTHAC CARNEGIE, *youngest son of the Earl of Southesk, is talking to* LADY STEWART STEWART-CLARK *and the* MARQUESS OF CLYDESDALE *(right), elder son of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon.*

A GREAT GATHERING OF SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

The COUNTESS OF MANSFIELD *(left) is chatting with the* MARQUESS *and* MARCHIONESS OF GRAHAM. *The Marquess of Graham is the elder son of the Duke of Montrose. The Marchioness of Graham was Miss Isobel Veronica Sellar.*

This group consists of COLONEL CROOKSHANK, MRS. CROOKSHANK, *and the* COUNTESS OF BREADALBANE AND HOLLAND, *who is the wife of the ninth Earl of Breadalbane.*



This group of young dancers consists of MISS LILIAN DUNDAS, MR. G. ROSS, MISS HERSEY BAIRD, MR. JOHN TROTTER, MR. RONALD WATSON, MISS URSULA WATSON, MISS M'LELLAN, *and* MR. GOLDSMID.

Left: MR. ROBERT BAIRD, *son of the late Major Baird and of Lady Hersey Baird, is dancing with the* HON. MRS. DAVID BALFOUR, *daughter-in-law of Lord Kinross. The Hon. David Balfour was Hon. Secretary of the Ball.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCOTTISH PICTORIAL PRESS.

LAWN TENNIS AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.

By HELEN JACOBS.

WIMBLEDON is not a great event to twenty thousand spectators just because it is the unofficial championship of the world. What they do know is that Wimbledon is a great social event, and they want to be there. On the first Tuesday of Wimbledon this year, I sat in front of an elderly Englishman. Alice Marble was playing Mary Hardwick, one of England's chief hopes in the ladies' singles. For a time it looked as if Mary had struck a patch too brilliant for Alice, but the American player increased the pressure of her game and won a well-deserved victory. I could not help hearing the comments of the Englishman to the friend at his side. When Alice was trailing in the match, he said: "I'm afraid Miss Marble is too good for Miss Hardwick"; and when the match was over: "Well, Miss Hardwick did very well to win that match." This was proof enough for me that the elderly Englishman enjoyed the atmosphere of Wimbledon more than the skill of the players.

Royal Patrons.

It is easy to understand why Wimbledon is a great social event. His Majesty the King is the patron. His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent is President of the All-England Club. Guests in the Royal Box include heads of the Government, foreign potentates, ambassadors, ministers, royal princesses. The winners of the Wimbledon singles are taken to the Royal Box, upon the conclusion of their matches, to be presented to their Majesties the King and Queen. Since the earliest days, the Royal Family have been patrons of the tournament in more than a nominal sense. During the reign of King George V. and Queen Mary, Wimbledon enjoyed its greatest royal support. The matches afforded them real pleasure, because they were keen critics of the game. Never by a single gesture did they indicate whom they wished to win, and their reception of the foreign champion was no less gracious than their reception of the English winner. Much of the atmosphere of Wimbledon is created by the enthusiasm of the spectators upon the entrance of the royal visitors in the box. There is first a hush, the players stand at attention, then there is a tremendous burst of applause, and the interest in the matches becomes keener than ever.

Royal Consideration.

This year, Queen Mary came several times to Wimbledon. I remember one particular occasion on which her consideration for the players was especially conspicuous. The men's final between Donald Budge and Gottfried von Cramm was already in progress. After the first set, the umpire announced that there would be a short interval before the beginning of the second set. The two players remained at the net as Queen Mary entered the Royal Box. All the spectators rose in unison, applauding wildly. Budge and von Cramm bowed. The match went on. Everyone knew that Queen Mary had been waiting until the end of the first set to enter the box. After the second match, the men's doubles, Queen Mary went out for tea, and returned during the semi-final of the women's doubles. Sir Louis Greig, in attendance on Queen Mary, motioned at her request to the guests in the Royal Box to remain seated. In spite of this request, the guests stood anyway, and the players waited at attention until she had taken her seat.

Although numerous engagements prevented the attendance at Wimbledon of King George and Queen Elizabeth, the tennis world knows of their great interest in the game. The King, when Duke of York, played with Sir Louis Greig in the men's doubles at Wimbledon, and, with Sir Louis, won the Air Force doubles championship. The Queen, when Duchess of York, was a frequent spectator at Wimbledon, and gave her patronage to many of Lady Crosfield's charity tennis parties on the Monday after Wimbledon.

The Jubilee Wimbledon.

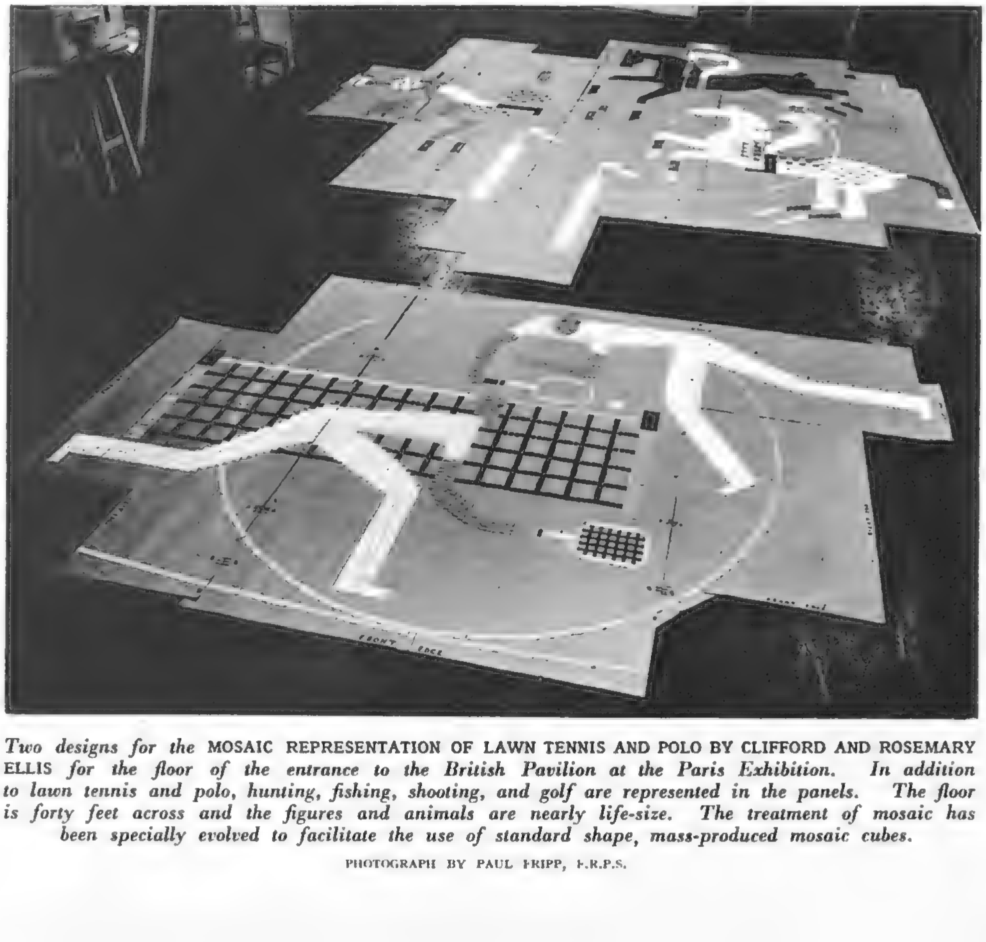
The Jubilee Wimbledon, the fiftieth championship meeting, proved how great was the part King George V. and Queen Mary played in creating the "atmosphere" of Wimbledon. On this occasion, all the living champions received from their Majesties medals commemorating the Jubilee. A carpet was laid upon the Centre Court, and here their Majesties received the players, surrounded by the crowded stands of cheering spectators. During the period of mourning in 1936, Queen Mary did not attend Wimbledon, and the winners were presented to their Royal Highnesses Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise. Ardent tennis enthusiasts, they too understand the fine points of the game, the strength and weaknesses of the players they watch, and they too exercise the most sporting impartiality as spectators of the matches.

The Missing "Cup."

The first year I came to England as a member of the American Wightman Cup team, some misunderstanding had occurred with regard to the delivery of the Wightman Cup to our captain, Eleanor Goss, aboard the *Aquitania*. By the time the embarrassing absence of the Cup was discovered (Eleanor thought someone else had it), it was too late to have it sent over for presentation to the winning team. We were all teased unmercifully about the oversight. Our good-natured opponents told us that we were altogether too certain of winning. We did win, which perhaps we didn't deserve, and when Princess Helena Victoria presented the trophy to Eleanor, her Royal Highness smilingly held out a silver soup tureen. There was no embarrassment then—the joke was appreciated by everyone.

Through the long years during which foreign players held sway at Wimbledon, the Royal Family of England seemed to lose none of their interest in the game, and when finally the foreign reign was broken by the victory of an Englishman and an English girl, one could not help but feel glad that they had cause for pride in the victory.

These smart lawn tennis girls in the fashionable short shorts are the MISSES MACKAY, *who played at the thirtieth annual tournament at Frinton-on-Sea.*



Two designs for the MOSAIC REPRESENTATION OF LAWN TENNIS AND POLO BY CLIFFORD AND ROSEMARY ELLIS *for the floor of the entrance to the British Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition. In addition to lawn tennis and polo, hunting, fishing, shooting, and golf are represented in the panels. The floor is forty feet across and the figures and animals are nearly life-size. The treatment of mosaic has been specially evolved to facilitate the use of standard shape, mass-produced mosaic cubes.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL FRIPP, F.R.P.S.

WEEK-END PARTY AT TREDEGAR PARK.

A turn in the famous Grinling Gibbons staircase.

Lord Tredegar's seat, Tredegar Park, Newport, Monmouthshire, is a fine example of Inigo Jones's work. Its owner, the second viscount and sixth baronet, belongs to a very ancient family always connected with Tredegar. These snapshots were taken during a recent house-party.

Right: Standing in the handsome Inigo Jones entrance are MR. JAMES DURHAM, *who was at Berlin in H.B.M.'s Diplomatic Service at the outbreak of war in 1914; and* MRS. ISELIN, *well-known New York and Long Island hostess, having a chat.*

In front of the beautiful wrought-iron gates leading from the house to the stables are (l. to r.): MME. OLGA ELEINA *(Russian artist),* MR. H. G. WELLS, MARCHESA GODI DI GODIO *(a well-known hostess of Rome),* LADY AGNES DURHAM, LORD TREDEGAR, *and* LADY MARY LYGON.

Left: The HON. RICHARD *and* MRS. HARE, *with* ROLLO, *the Great Dane, in the entrance—note the beautiful pillar behind Mrs. Hare.*

Right: LORD TREDEGAR, *the host, in his Tunisian robes, with his famous macaw,* BLUE BOY, *on his shoulder.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DUDLEY DE LEVINGNE.

DOMESTICITY AT STURFORD MEAD.

VISCOUNTESS WEYMOUTH *is young, socially important, and popular, so photographs of her on fashionable occasions are often seen. Here is a portrait of a different kind. She is doing petit-point, watched by her admiring little daughter, the* HON. CAROLINE THYNNE, *and her husband,* VISCOUNT WEYMOUTH.

VISCOUNTESS WEYMOUTH *with her sons, the* HON. ALEXANDER *(left) and the* HON. CHRISTOPHER THYNNE. *They were born in 1932 and 1934 respectively. Before her marriage in 1927 she was the Hon. Daphne Vivian.*

VISCOUNT WEYMOUTH, *only son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath, in his study at Sturford Mead, near Warminster, Wiltshire. He was Conservative Member for the Frome Division of Somerset from 1931 to 1935.*

Right: VISCOUNTESS WEYMOUTH *is a keen sportswoman. Here she is with one of her favourite hunters, Junket.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STANLEY M. BALLANCE, A.R.P.S., F.R.MET.SOC., F.R.A.S.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JANE HAYDON.

PICTURE DRESS 1937.

LADY MILBANKE *is posed in a beautiful modern picture dress made of ivory satin cleverly draped and with shoulder-straps of tiny velvet gardenias, which she wore at one of the recent State Balls at Buckingham Palace. She is the wife of Sir John Milbanke, Bt., and was Miss Sheila Chisholm. Her first husband was the late Lord Loughborough, and she is the mother of the present holder of the title, who is heir to his grandfather, the Earl of Rosslyn.*

TALES WITH A STING.

SENTENCE WAS CARRIED OUT.

By MARGARET A. WATSON.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

HE had known, of course, that it had to come. In the nature of things this was the inevitable end—and yet, with that obstinacy that keeps men hoping against impossible odds, he had refused to believe what he knew.

He had been warned, of course, and had listened; but the words had been only words—he had *heard* them, but he hadn't *felt* them. Well, he was feeling them now.

He sat with his shoulders hunched about his ears, his chin sunk against his collar—withdrawn as far as possible from contact with an unfriendly world. His shoulders and neck ached from the tensing of unaccustomed muscles, but he was not aware of the cause—only of the discomfort.

He tried to keep his mind from the possibilities of escape. He had been over it all before, and knew that there were no possibilities, only the frantic fabrications of his own imagination. That way lay panic: very well then, he would close the avenue of approach. It was not easy—if for a moment he relaxed his hold on them, he felt his thoughts scurrying towards it.

His mind, turned inward, deprived him of sight and hearing. His ears caught nothing of the distant traffic, rumbling, drifting like muted thunder through the high window. His eyes were empty, fixed without focus on the ground.

He remembered hearing that in such moments a man lived more intensely, more fully, than in a lifetime. He could believe it now! He felt as though his senses were sharpened into rapiers that were turned in on his own body. He managed a grim smile. If this were the full flavour of living, he found it a good deal too strong for his palate.

His thoughts hurried him back—how long? It was impossible to tell with his new awareness of time—these moments that stood poised until they were longer than hours—hours that slid from under him, cunningly thrusting him forward to the precipice edge—they eluded his reckoning. He was helplessly at the mercy of his random thoughts. They led him back to the "verdict." There had been some sort of appeal, but he had known from the first that it was hopeless. For the rest—there had been only the formalities of delay.

"I have no alternative," the voice had said—a kind, grave voice, a sorry voice. How many times had it pronounced those words? He shivered. A finger of pale diluted light pointed across the room at him. The motes danced half-heartedly as though their penetration into such a place exhausted them.

This, then, was what it was to be afraid. He was not ashamed of it. He had always known that there might be moments in life when the thin skin of his self-sufficiency would break and he would bleed. He wasted no time in cursing himself for a coward. He was too much aware of the present marching him—rushing him—into the future to bother about the past, so that he did not compare the "man" of yesterday with to-day's pitiful creature. The shadow of his former self was neither mocking nor scornful—only protective.

Watching the sunlight, he fancied he was too hot, and he moved nearer the window. It was a small grimed pane and there were bars before it, but it was slightly open at the top. A little rush of cold air poured down on him; it crept between his neck and his collar, and immediately he was cold, and shivered again; his muscles tightened resentfully against the chill breath blowing scornfully over the window's lip, and yet his armpits felt damp as though he had been running.

He breathed and swallowed consciously and with difficulty. These were now deliberate and burdensome actions.

Footsteps! The clanging of a distant door—these things stabbed through his nerves. He heard a voice speaking—no words, but a dull monotone, broken at the end by a laugh. Someone out there was laughing! It roused him, cutting through the isolation of his fear, and making it a hundred times more complete. He wanted to call out—to rush to the door—but he did nothing, nothing—while the moments slipped from under him.

A wild longing for freedom caught him—he must get out of here soon, before they came for him. Imagination bundled him out of the place—anywhere, anyhow; he saw himself walking swiftly down the street, head up, his stride long. He even filled in the picture with his silver-headed cane swinging against his leg—tap-tap just below the knee in rhythm with his step. Tap-tap—his fingers beat out the rhythm on his shin, and the sharp, thin blade of the bone through his trouser-leg brought him back. Freedom? No, there was no escape.

He began to wonder about the time; he looked at his watch, then held it to his ear. The little fierced ticking matched his own heart-beats. It was hurrying him on, hurrying him on, and yet the hands seemed motionless. His fear played with time like a child playing with a piece of elastic—stretching it out interminably, longer and longer—then, with a snap, letting it run back upon itself, crowding it together. He could not tell which was worse—the long eternities or the racing into the future.

A hand at the door—he felt his ears prick forward like a dog's, inviting sound. There was someone just outside; soon the door would open—and then? Well, he would be ready. For the first time he made an effort to link this poor frightened creature that was himself with the person he had believed himself to be. He half-rose from his seat. He would take what was coming to him. The door did not open. Its smooth, shining surface faced him blankly. It was not protecting him—it was merely holding him here until it chose to deliver him up.

Against his will, his thoughts, scurrying and scampering in his head, drew him again towards the forbidden. He could not hold himself back from it. He thought of the "chair" with a sick fascination. Almost longingly he thought of the "chair."

When they came for him he found that he could walk. His legs turned traitor and carried him unprotesting to the door. It was open and he passed through. He had a strange feeling that he moved as marionettes do, at the jerking of strings. He tried to find his handkerchief and his hand slid awkwardly and stiffly past his pocket. When he found it he wiped his lips. They were dry enough, but he thought that they might tremble.

He saw the "chair," and knew that it had come! No flame of courage helped him, no sudden access of heroism or fortitude such as he had believed came sometimes to men in his extremity.

They spoke to him, but he heard nothing—or rather, he heard a mass of sound without the formation of meaning. He was concentrated inwards, all his faculties focussed on the leaping point of his fear.

He sat; the "chair" fitted him, smoothly against his back; his feet supported, his arms laid along those other arms.

It was appallingly, hideously comfortable; its suave touch mocked his shrinking body. He closed his eyes. His breath played about his nostrils, but he no longer drove it into his lungs.

He was suspended—waiting.

There was a pause—a stillness—a flashing, grinding pain! . . . And with a mixture of despair and thankfulness, he felt the forceps close about his wisdom tooth! [THE END.]

** All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

WEDDING GUESTS AND WEDDING GARMENTS.

MR. and the HON. MRS. JOHN WILLS attended the Trotter—Murray wedding. She is a daughter of Lord Elphinstone and a niece of H.M. the Queen.

Above, left: The HON. MRS. MOROGH BERNARD, *sister of Viscount Melville, wore a hat with a crown of birds' feathers at the wedding of the Hon. Ursula Vivian to Captain the Hon. C. B. A. Bernard.*

LADY JANE NELSON, *daughter of Viscountess Ipswich, came with her husband,* MR. NELSON, *to the Trotter—Murray wedding.*

The HON. MRS. DAVID BALFOUR'S *halo hat was worn at the back of a fringe of curls. She is seen going with* MR. McEWEN *to the reception after the Trotter—Murray wedding.*

This quartet of guests at the Trotter—Murray wedding consists of LADY WILLIAM SCOTT *(formerly Lady Rachel Douglas-Home), sister-in-law of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester;* LADY MARY EGERTON, *daughter of the Earl of Ellesmere;* MISS GRIZEL STEWART, *and* MRS. BALFOUR.

Left: LADY SUSAN ASKEW, *daughter of the Earl of Ellesmere, wore a light dress and dark coat at the wedding of Mr. Henry Trotter and Miss Rona Murray. Note her ultra-chic shoes.*

Right: MISS VIOLET BLUNDELL *and* LADY AMY BIDDULPH *(right) wore printed silk dresses at the wedding of Lord Walpole to Miss Nancy Louisa Jones. Lady Amy Biddulph is a sister of the Earl of Normanton.*

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

LADY PATRICIA MACKAY, *elder daughter of the Earl of Inchcape, is engaged to* MR. HUGH WASHINGTON HIBBERT, *son of Major and Mrs. Washington Hibbert.*

EVEN Coronation season allows itself to grow carefree and informal now that the end of it all is in sight, and we shall soon be at Goodwood or Cowes, in Central Europe, on the Riviera, or taking our August "rest" in that most active of all ways, as country-house visitors on their annual rounds. Mothers can sigh with relief and "let up" a bit on the strict chaperonage business, for their darling debs. are now launched and have already formed their own circle.

This year's crop of informal July parties includes the much-discussed Cecil Beaton effort, which really did capture the authentic *Fête Champêtre* atmosphere and combine it with modern fun and frivolity in a remarkable way, but then Cecil Beaton *is* a remarkable person. There was also a multiple-hostess party on the river, at which Lady Mary Dunn and all the smartest young-marrieds congregated. This was said to be one of the best efforts of the year in the "pay party" line.

. . . . . .

But splendour has not all vanished. There was Mrs. Corrigan's annual festivity, a cabaret party held in the Duke of Marlborough's house in Kensington Palace Gardens, which she has taken for the season. Everything was superbly done, and the Duke and Duchess of Kent attended, as well as any amount of decorative and well-known people, who included Lady Isobel Guinness and her husband, who had been at the Ballet in Lady Cunard's party that night; the Stavordales; the Milbankes and Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow, whose sheath dress of black paillettes and bright red feather boa accentuated her wonderful blonde colouring and almost transparent complexion. It's hardly necessary to remark that the prizes for the tombola show no sign of coming off the gold standard, and that the food, the entertainment, and general arrangements were all of the super kind we expect from Mrs. Corrigan.

MISS ROSEMARY SCRYMGEOUR-WEDDERBURN, *eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Scrymgeour-Wedderburn, to* MR. CHRISTIAN LANGDALE MELVILLE, *the Black Watch, took place at St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth. The bridegroom is a Scottish Rugger International.*

MRS. ROGER CREWDSON *is holding up her eight-weeks-old son, young* JEREMY CREWDSON, *to face the camera. He had five godparents at his christening at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. They were Captain Ronald Banon, Sir Richard Cooper, Bt., Lieut.-Col. Alistair Crewdson, the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Lomax, and Miss Barbara Porter-Phillips. Mrs. Crewdson is the eldest daughter of Dr. John Porter-Phillips.*

. . . . . .

The royal night at the Ballet was a delightful occasion. Her Majesty is a real *balletomane* and always intended to come to see the de Basil company at Covent Garden as soon as her many engagements made it possible. It was indeed a great honour to the Ballet that their Majesties should have chosen to employ their one free night between the strenuous Scottish visit and the equally busy Welsh one by going to Covent Garden. The visit was informal, and everything was arranged in a simple manner, as the King and Queen wished. Neither she nor the Duchess of Gloucester wore tiaras, but she had diamond stars set most becomingly over her left ear, and looked extremely well in soft white with a fluffy ostrich-feather wrap, also in white. She sat in the corner of the box facing the stage, with the King between her and the Duchess of Gloucester, who looked pale, but very nice, in bright green. Every time the music stopped her Majesty applauded with real enthusiasm. She had a little talk with Lady Plunket, who was in the next box, and asked her into the Royal Box as she joined the party after the first interval, when Lady Doris Vyner went into the Plunkets' box and sat with Lord Plunket. The programme included a brilliant performance of "Le Tricorne," that enchanting ballet in which Massine is seen to such great advantage.

The DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF ABERDEEN AND TEMAIR, G.B.E., *presented* MRS. MATTHEW BAIRD *at their Majesties' second Court at the Palace of Holyroodhouse. Mrs. Baird presented Miss Elizabeth Baird.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY MACMAHON, ABERDEEN.

. . . . . .

The coming-out dance for Miss Marjorie Broadbridge, given at the Mansion House, was great fun, and the historic setting provided some original features. Not only the débutantes, but many of the chaperons seemed to enjoy paying a visit to the Lord Mayor's police court, which was left open for sitting-out in. One and all, they tried the Lord Mayor's Chair, and also the witness-box, while some bold spirits ventured on the experience of taking a seat in the dock. But even bolder were the boys and girls who crept down the little spiral staircase in the corner to the cells in which the City offenders are kept till their trial comes on. They only have one night of it, and quite enough, I should think, as these cells are not very spacious apartments!

The big Egyptian Hall in which the Children's Ball is held was not used for the dance. Instead, it took place in the Long Hall, which provides opportunities for showing skill in twisting and turning between the pillars. The supper, as one would expect from a Lord Mayoral entertainment, was very grand and good, and the blue and white scheme of flower decoration took my fancy.

The girls I saw dancing at the Mansion House included Princess Tatiana Wiasemsky, Mr. Selfridge's débutante granddaughter, whose striped white net with narrow frills down the front was a very good *jeune fille* frock. Chaperons who caught my eye included Lady McClean, who is one of our very good-looking and well-dressed mothers of 1937, Mrs. Butler-Henderson, and Lady Heron-Maxwell.

Lady Ilchester's cocktail-party at Holland House was a nice change from the many "cocktails-with-a-purpose" we have had, for it was neither for Oversea Visitors nor in order to discuss a charity show. It was just a party, and a very nice one, too. The gardens were looking their best (no possibility of a Ruth Draper joke about them!), and I do not know if the rose garden, the Chinese garden, or the formal *parterres* laid out with red and white geraniums were the loveliest. The library upstairs, as well as all the big salons leading to the garden, were thrown open and we wandered about to our heart's desire.

Lady Ilchester received her guests and gave them directions as to how to get to the best parts of the garden, explaining how to do the round and then return to the house.

The guests included Lady Carlisle, accompanied by her débutante girl, Lady Carolyn Howard, who, as one would expect, is a good-looking brunette, like her mother. Lady Crewe was deep in conversation with friends, and looked well in a gay, printed dress; the hostess wore black lace, and Lady Dufferin suggested a Watteau picture with a wreath of black silk flowers perched right at the side of her pretty fair hair. Mme. Balsan arrived with her son, the Duke of Marlborough, who is devoted to her. Believe it or not, she is even slimmer than ever, and looked very French and *chic* in a long, flowing black taffeta coat and flat black hat.

MR. HENRY TROTTER, *son of Colonel and Lady Edith Trotter, of Mortonhall, Berwickshire, married* MISS RONA MURRAY, *only daughter of the late Mr. W. R. Murray and Mrs. Murray, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street.*

CAPTAIN THE HON. CHARLES BERNARD, *Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, brother of the Earl of Bandon, married the* HON. URSULA VIVIAN, *eldest daughter of the late Lord Swansea and of Lady Swansea, at St. Margaret's, Westminster.*

We had a grand day at Newmarket on the Tuesday. The conditions were perfect, the sun shining, fresh grass in the little wood to make good going for the horses led round, cool-looking frocks, and all the old racing brigade, except that only Lady Derby represented her family. No doubt Lady Stanley was too anxious about Lord Stanley to leave London. Mrs. Charles Wood went about with her grandmother, Lady Derby, looking charming in a yellow linen coat and printed frock. The Duchess of Norfolk, in her favourite red—this time a printed silk patterned with white animals in an amusing design—was there. She was busy asking friends to Arundel Castle for Goodwood Week, where she will have her first year as hostess for the big meeting. The Duke was with her, exceptionally smart in grey.

. . . . . .

A pleasant story comes from a friend who attended a luncheon given for the secretaries of the Conservative Association of Sussex in a garden admirably designed by nature and Sir Edwin Lutyens for such an entertainment. "These wholly admirable men and women who work extremely hard for no tangible reward," he says, "were regaled after lunch in the garden by speeches from Lord Goschen and their local Member, Sir George Courthope. When Lord Goschen, who is considered to be one of the best speakers in the House of Lords, rose to address the company, there was an interruption which might well have disconcerted a more 'unaccustomed' speaker. A monster gramophone concealed among the hydrangeas to add gaiety to the afternoon suddenly burst into an ear-splitting rendering of 'The Ride of the Valkyrie.' It was some minutes before it could be persuaded to stop. Meanwhile, Lord Goschen, quite unperturbed, cracked jokes and enquired whether his audience were quite sure they preferred him to Wagner."

. . . . . .

I met Lady Wilson, the wife of Sir "Scatters" Wilson, the other day, and she had many interesting things to tell me of her new book, "Dear Youth," which is published this week by Macmillan. The central figure is a German governess, Zellie, who left the Fatherland in the early 'seventies to spend her life and energies in teaching English children. From 1885 she lived with one family, where she held the place of teacher, companion, and beloved friend. Her employers—the Listers—and those around them were well-known figures in English public and social life. Glimpses of Mr. Gladstone, of Mr. Asquith (later Lord Oxford), Lord Haldane, and Lady Wilson's distinguished father, Lord Ribblesdale, appear in these pages, as well as many of that younger generation who were cut down by the Great War, such as Charles Lister, Julian and "Billy" Grenfell, and others in that shining company of that ". . . dear youth, who lightly in the hour of fury Put on England's glory as a common coat."

The book is likely to be a very interesting one and is sure to be instinct with Lady Wilson's own charm of personality and mind. Zellie, we need hardly explain, was a real person, and, in fact, died only a short time ago.

I was amused to hear, among the anecdotes of the week, about the young man who met Terence Rattigan the other day (I need not explain that Mr. Rattigan is the author of "French Without Tears," which you have all seen over and over again), and, recalling the famous moment when one of the characters in his play translates "She has ideas above her station" as "*Elle a des idées au-dessus de sa gare*," asked him rather pompously how he himself would translate it. "I haven't the faintest idea," he replied with a smile, "but I don't see how it could possibly matter." Putting the inquiring youth nicely in his place.

MARIEGOLD.

The marriage of LORD WALPOLE *to* MISS NANCY LOUISA JONES, *youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harding Jones, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster.*

CAPRI HOLIDAY SEQUENCE.

MICHELINE CHEIREL, *the French film star who, in private life, is Mrs. John Loder, wife of the screen star, is posed with a very wide-awake-looking friend on the beach at Capri.*

JOHN LODER *and his wife,* MICHELINE CHEIREL, *have been enjoying an ideal holiday at Capri. Note her leopard-skin swim-suit and barbaric jewels.*

JOHN LODER, *posed with* MICHELINE CHEIREL, *his wife, and* DOROTHY DICKSON *(nearest camera). Mr. Loder plays an officer in the British Intelligence Service in "Mademoiselle Docteur," his new Trafalgar picture set in the Great War.*

Left: Another Capri sunshine shot of JOHN LODER *and* MICHELINE CHEIREL. *He has just had to hurry back from his holiday in order to co-star with Dita Parlo in Max Schach's new film, "Mademoiselle Docteur."*

FRANCES WHO "DANCES WITH THE DAFFODILS."

"Floodlight," at the Saville, brought FRANCES DAY back to the stage after an absence of about two years. One of the "turns" in Beverley Nichols' revue, in which she is most appealing, is called "Dancing with the Daffodils."

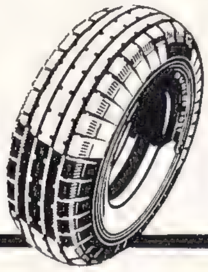
PORTRAIT BY R. KANELBA.

FAMOUS FORTS

These national defences have their modern counterpart in the stout walls and strongly-founded tread of the new DUNLOP Fort Tyres, built to hold the road, to protect life and limb, to safeguard comfort and to give the longest possible period of dependable service. Trust yourself and yours to the safe keeping of

DOVER CASTLE
Like the coastal fortresses of Hastings, Pevensey, Scarborough and Orford, Dover Castle was built to safeguard England from attack by sea, at just those points where invasion was most likely to be attempted.

The New DUNLOP



Fort

C.F.H.

AT THE ACTORS' BENEVOLENT FUND BALL.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT *accepted a bouquet of carnations from* MRS. DAVID PHILIPS *when she and the Duke arrived at the Ball in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund at Grosvenor House.*

The COUNTESS OF PORTARLINGTON, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT, *and* LADY MILBANKE *are shown at supper. The Duke is apparently telling Lady Milbanke something very amusing.*

This group shows (l. to r.) the EARL OF PORTARLINGTON, *the* COUNTESS OF PORTARLINGTON, *the* COUNTESS OF INCHCAPE, *and the* EARL OF INCHCAPE.

Left: A revue of stage and screen stars was one of the features of the ball. MISS MOLLIE SULLIVAN, *who appeared in it, wore a dress which belonged to her great-grandmother. She is making-up for a rehearsal.*

Right: The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND *was present at the entertainment. He is shown in conversation with* MRS. MICHAEL WARDELL.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO

"PAT" DICKINSON, *the Captain of the Rest* v. *the Lord's Schools at Lord's*—FOR MAKING A HABIT OF SCORING 1000 RUNS AND OVER A SEASON.

PATRICK DICKINSON, the seventeen-year-old Captain of King's College, Wimbledon, Cricket XI., who is to captain the Rest *v.* the Lord's Schools at Lord's on August 2, has for the second consecutive season scored over 1000 runs in school cricket.

"EDWARD LEWIS ROBERTS" is the baby Koala bear being reared by Mrs. Oswin Roberts at Cowes, Phillip Island, Australia, by special permission from the Fisheries and Game Department. It had tea with Miss Patricia Booth, daughter of the Bishop of Geelong.

MARSHA HUNT, a Paramount starlet, kept an eye on "Double or Nothing" and "Mountain Music," the frogs entered by Bing Crosby and Bob Burns in the Mark Twain Jumping Frog Jubilee.

EDWARD LEWIS ROBERTS *(here seen with Miss Patricia Booth)*—FOR HAVING TEA WITH A BISHOP'S DAUGHTER AND SHOWING THAT HIS TABLE MANNERS WERE UP TO THIS HONOUR.

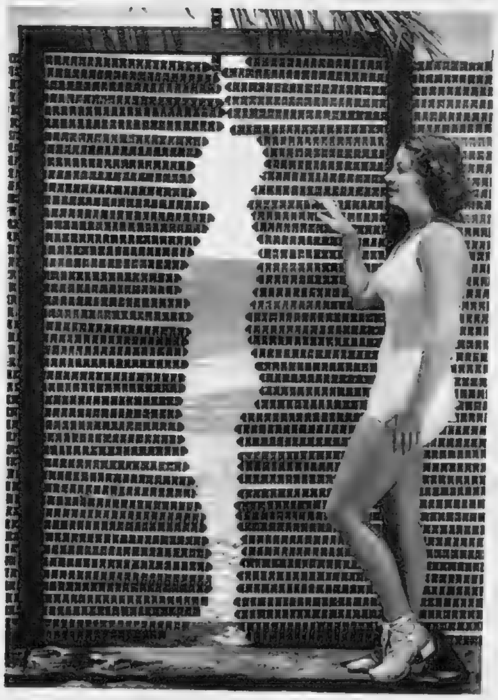
MISS MARSHA HUNT—FOR KEEPING AN EYE ON "DOUBLE OR NOTHING" AND "MOUNTAIN MUSIC," TWO PRIZE JUMPING FROGS.

JEAN CHATBURN was chosen as Queen for the Hollywood Fourth of July celebrations, and wore a costume of fireworks.

THE FIGUREOMETER for the Beauty Competition at Venice (Cal.) in August was tried out by Mitzi Uchlein. Measured pointers are moved in to surround the subject's outline and record her figure and measurements.

MR. CECIL BEATON employed A.A. Scouts and also installed dummies on the signposts indicating the route to Ashcombe House on the night of his *Fête Champêtre.*

MISS JEAN CHATBURN—FOR HAVING A COSTUME THAT WOULD GO OFF QUICKER THAN IT WOULD COME OFF.



MISS MITZI UCHLEIN—FOR BEING ABLE TO GET HER CORRECT MEASUREMENTS WITHOUT A BOTHERING TO USE A TAPE-MEASURE.

THIS A.A. SCOUT—FOR HAVING SUCH AN ORIGINAL ASSISTANT TO KEEP MOTORISTS ON THE BEATON TRACK.

POLO PRESENTATIONS.

These are the smiles on the faces of the Jaguars after winning the Ranelagh Handicap Cup by beating the Royal Dragoons in the final tie at Ranelagh. The DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE *is in the centre with the trophy. The Jaguars consist of* MR. H. T. ALEXANDER, *the* DUKE OF ROXBURGHE, *the* HON. W. K. ROUS, *and* MR. GERALD BALDING.

LORD BARNBY *played for the House of Lords in the match against the House of Commons for the Harrington Cup, first played for in 1906. He is with* MISS DODIE MILLER.

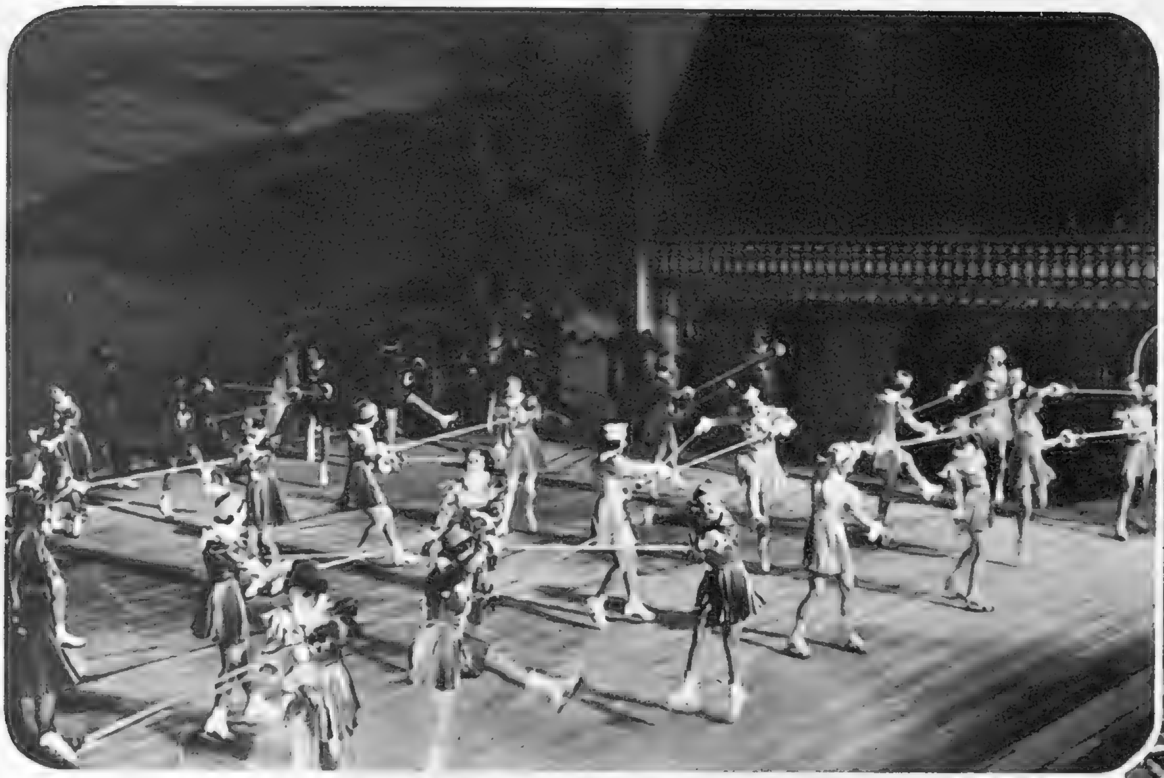
Right : MISS DIANA MILLS *came to see the Lords v. Commons match for the Harrington Cup at Ranelagh. She is with* MR. IVAN PRIVETSKY.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT *presented the King's Coronation Cup to the* HON. KEITH ROUS *after the Jaguars had defeated Goulburn. She had to be assisted in handing over the heavy trophy.*

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER *is often seen making presentations of cups, but here he is receiving one from* LADY ZIA WERNHER. *It is the Harrington Cup, which the House of Lords team retained in their match against the House of Commons.*

"ST. MORITZ" COMES TO T

A SKATING SPECTACLE



Now that summer is here, the London Coliseum has gone all ice-rink, and offers a wonderful skating spectacle, "ST. MORITZ." This shows one of the many dancing-on-skates numbers.

The stage of the London Coliseum has been tr... of the company are giving an

PAMELA PRIOR, *seventeen-year-old professional champion of the world, is one of the magnificent skaters in the cast.*

The real ice musical spectacle at the London Coliseum consists of three acts—"At St. Moritz," "The Cabaret," and "Midnight Carnival"—which bring life at St. Moritz to the London stage. The artists taking part include Pamela Prior, world professional champion of 1937; Erich Erdos, three times amateur champion of Europe; Sydney Charlton, the originator of

[*Continued opposite.*

THE MOONBEAM BALLET *on the ice, with all*

HE LONDON COLISEUM:
N HIGH MIDSUMMER.

formed into a REAL ICE-RINK. *Members*
laborate dance on skates.

THE SKATING WAITER, *who is a feature of the real winter sports resort, St. Moritz, is introduced into the scene, "An Afternoon at St. Moritz."*

performers on skates, is a lovely sight.

HANS WITTE AND THE ELUSIVE BARREL OF BEER *which moves by itself, provides an amusing interlude in this skating revue.*

Continued.]

the Argentine tango on skates; Van der Weyden and Keats, who hold the silver medal for ice-dancing; and the Acrobatic Trio, Joy Chapman, Elsie Martindale and Doris Kinnard; as well as Hibbert, Bird and La Rue, the American burlesque dancers, Trudie Link and Hermann Steinschaden, who gives a marvellous performance on stilts as a gilded Mercury.

Allegro energico e passionata: THREE DANCERS OF THE DE BASIL BALLETS *at Covent Garden, in the fourth movement of* "CHOREARTIUM," *Massine's ballet to the music of Brahms' Fourth Symphony. All these and many other fine ballet photographs may be seen at Merlyn Severn's Exhibition at the Wallace Heaton Gallery, 127, New Bond Street.*

RIABOUCHINSKA *and* BARONOVA *with* PETROFF *in* "JEUX D'ENFANTS," *Boris Kochno's ballet, with music by Bizet and choreography by Massine.*

AGILITY AND FLUENT GRACE OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET: "CHOREARTIUM,"

PHOTOGRAPHS

Allegro giocoso: RIABOUCHINSKA *and* LAZOVSKY *in the third movement of* "CHOREARTIUM."

Left: RIABOUCHINSKA *and* MASSINE *in* "BEAU DANUBE." *This ballet is one of Massine's most assured successes. The swinging movement of the two dancers is wonderfully caught in this photograph.*

BARONOVA *in* "SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE." *Music by Berlioz; choreography by Massine. Baronova is the Fiancée, transformed into a sinister figure.*

"JEUX D'ENFANTS," AND "SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE" AT COVENT GARDEN.

MERLYN SEVERN.

LICHINE'S NEW BALLET, "PAOLO AND FRANCESCA."

Girolamo, Malatesta's Spy (BOROVANSKY), *Francesca* (TCHERNICHEVA), *and her husband, Malatesta* (PLATOFF), *are seen (from l. to r.).*

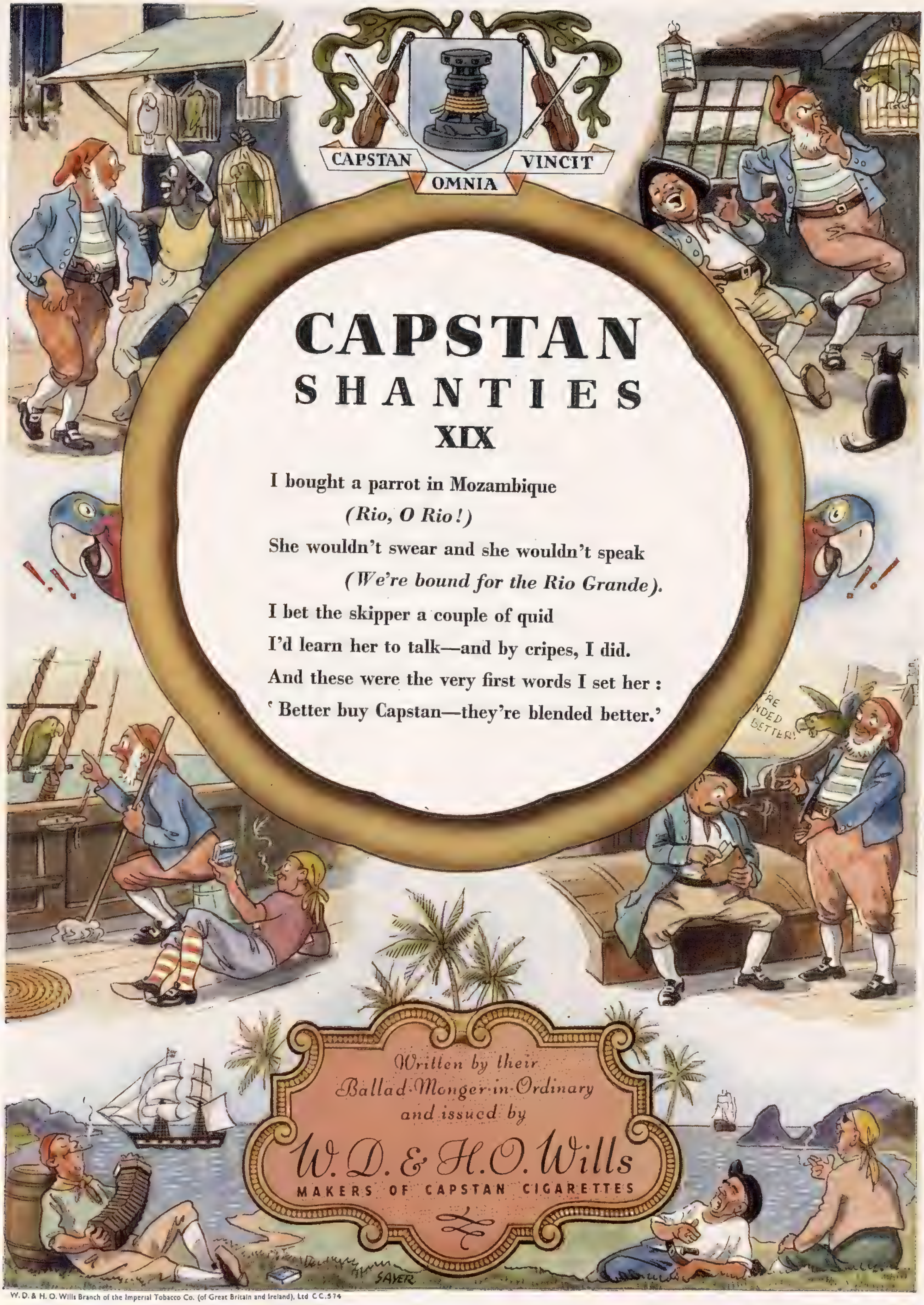
Another study of Francesca (TCHERNICHEVA), *Malatesta* (PLATOFF), *and Girolamo* (BOROVANSKY).

ANGELIC APPARITION (RIABOUCHINSKA; *right*) *with Francesca* (TCHERNICHEVA).

Right: Guinevere (DANILOVA) *and Amor* (RIABOUCHINSKA), *who introduce the masque in which the love-story is enacted.*

THE world première at Covent Garden of Lichine's new ballet to Tchaikovsky's tone-poem, "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI," was the theatrical event of last week. In Tchaikovsky's composition, the love-story of Paolo and Francesca is inset as a lyrical Trio into the violent descriptions of their punishment in the whirlwind of the Inferno. In the ballet the opening and closing scenes are danced to the whirlwind music, and provide a frame for the idyll in which the lovers, reading the tale of Lancelot and Guinevere, discover their own passion.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OTTO SALOMON.



W. D. & H. O. Wills Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd C.C.574

PEPYS
into this
THIRST
QUESTION
JULY 1ST With my wife to Lord's, in roasting heat, to see the first match at cricket I have watched for a twelvemonth. Where matters proceeded at such a snail-pace that I fell to sleep and awoke with a throat dry as a sand-dune. Thereupon we withdrew to slake ourselves, she with Schweppes Sparkling Lime and I with that same Lime and a finger's depth of Gin. And the gentle coolness and frolic sparkle of the Schweppes did so restore me that I set about explaining to my wife the subtilties of first-class cricket and how briskly it should be played if I had my way. Which I fear did all go in at her one ear and out from the other.
BE SURE YOU SAY
Schweppes
Schweppes
LIME
PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

IRVING BERLIN'S "ON THE AVENUE."

"ON THE AVENUE," *the new Twentieth Century-Fox musical at the Regal, is described as "a new pattern in entertainment." It is a gay and amusing story to Irving Berlin's rhythm.* MADELEINE CARROLL, *as Mimi Carraway, is about to make a loveless marriage out of pique and offended family pride.*

Mimi (MADELEINE CARROLL), *the heiress, is angered by the burlesque of her family presented on the stage by Gary Blake* (DICK POWELL); *but he apologises and they dine together.*

Right: Another still of ALICE FAYE, *who gives a first-rate reading of the part of jealous Mona Merrick.*

ALICE FAYE, *a player we expect soon to hear more of, gives a notable performance as Mona Merrick, whose jealousy of Mimi induces her to insult the Carraway family in a stage burlesque.*

Mona Merrick (ALICE FAYE) *adores Gary Blake* (DICK POWELL), *and cannot bear the idea that he and the heiress, Mimi Carraway, are falling in love with each other, so she determines to nip the romance in the bud.*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

FROM the prim respectabilities of a South Coast hotel, the way of farcical circumstance at the Strand leads to "A SPOT OF BOTHER" in a smugglers' den, and though Vernon Sylvaine's adventure provides neither wit in dialogue nor the edge of caricature and turns an incredible plot, it still contrives to be very funny. Mr. Robertson Hare and Mr. Alfred Drayton aid and abet each other, the nervous, romantic hero and the henpecked husband, and while they are together there is nothing to do but laugh. The peak of the nonsense is reached when they are chased by the smugglers, waving cutlasses, through a labyrinth of corridors — there never was such another inn on any stage — until Mr. Drayton, grabbing a tablecloth, rolls up the one man who could rescue them, while Mr. Hare furiously beats him with a warming-pan. Then Mr. Frank Royde, as the big, bad brute, in triumph presses the button which explodes the dynamite, and the twain are hurled, amid the crash of falling scenery, from their secret hiding-place in rags and tatters and with blank amazement on their faces. It is all absurd; not what they say, so much as what they do, and with such a pair of comedians every move gets its laugh. Miss Ruth Maitland thunders forth her matriarchal edicts, and collapses when the discovery that her meek husband is smuggler-in-chief brings the curtain down; Mr. Stuart Latham cuts a ridiculous figure very neatly; Miss Edie Martin puts tinder on the fun as the eccentric maid; while Miss Jeanne Stuart and Miss Phyllis Konstam add the touches of decoration in a hurly-burly that, though it is silly, remains amusing.

Sherriffs' highlights from "A SPOT OF BOTHER," at the Strand. Binkie Rudd (ROBERTSON HARE), wishful to marry a Miss Watney, arranged a rehearsal with Mrs. Watney in effigy. Mr. Watney (ALFRED DRAYTON) chips in with a suggestion as to how a closer resemblance might be achieved.

At the Globe, Mr. Barré Lyndon gives us another interesting and exciting study in criminology, where he depicts the plight of a respectable jeweller trapped in a net of blackmail by a gang of thieves. "THEY CAME BY NIGHT" to his shop, and, trading on their knowledge that he was on the fringe of bankruptcy, that he had already in his innocence acted as a receiver of stolen property and come under the suspicious eye of Scotland Yard, compel him to become their "fence." John Fothergill was an artist in metal-work but a child in business. He could cut stones and spin fairy-tales to amuse his sick nephew. He was of that good-natured, simple-minded, careless nature which can fall into crime in blinkers, and only realise it with horror when it is too late. He delays the obvious action through sheer inertia till, when he is prepared to make a clean breast of everything, the circumstantial evidence is so damning that he is frightened and submits. For astute, unscrupulous rogues like Carl Voltaire and his associates he is no match, and Mr. Owen Nares makes the study persuasive, and endows it with kindly humour and whimsical fancy. It is not a searching portrait, for the author is more concerned with the surprises of a well-told story, and the harassing predicaments are not designed for psychological explorations, but for the ingenious revelation of how the villainies are defeated. Mr. Cees Laseur does most to create suspense by his flamboyant devilries, and having established it, Mr. David Burns, as the safe-cracker with a heart of gold, cleverly gives it a breezy relief; while Mr. George Butler, as the Detective-Inspector, is eventually guided by keen observation to the right solution that Mr. Henry Caine's Detective-Sergeant's blundering efficiency could not see. Miss Ursula Jeans is a charming heroine, and Miss Sara Seegar graces the company of the rogues. There is genuine comedy in Mr. Wallace Evennett's cameo of a temperance lecturer falling from virtue at his cups, and the production of Mr. Claud Gurney makes the most of a swift and lively narrative.

"Dig deep your wells," cried the Hebrew prophet in the Bible, and whoever essays to fathom the recesses of character in literature or drama must heed the instruction. It is the failure to discover the universal motives that robs the conflict in Mme. Hella Wuolijoki's "WOMEN OF PROPERTY," at the Queen's, of its power, and instead of the play commanding sympathy, it provokes only impatience. The scene is set on the Finnish estate of Niskavouri, where the country-folk live in their narrow world which has no horizon beyond the village. Into this self-absorbed community comes a young school-mistress, shocking all their conventions and winning the heart of Arne, the young master of the estate. The old mother watches the romance develop, but confidently expects of it only an episode. Arne is already married, and his wife's money buttresses the estate. Other masters of Niskavouri have found diversion in drink and fathered illegitimate children, but they have all returned, for their roots could not be torn up. Women have endured everything for the farm, and, inflexibly holding to the tradition that the sons must carry on the estate, she bids the young wife to accept the loveless match because she has children, and to tolerate a drunken philanderer as she had to do. But the young school-mistress is equally bold, and in the end, like a Viking, ruthlessly bears him away, and the mother of Niskavouri sees her son forsake mother, wife, children, and estate for the sake of love. The writing does not match the theme. Arne loses stature in his perplexity and behaves like a cad, and Mr. Griffith Jones, with all his romantic ardour, could not hold our sympathy. Miss Nancy Hornsby brings all the eager and fresh delight to the school-mistress, but there is no inner spirituality in the dialogue to redeem selfishness or evoke pity. Miss Dorice Fordred is excellent as the fretful, silly wife, and, contrary to the play's intention, she wins our understanding; while Miss Mary Morris, as the matriarch, gives a dignified and commanding performance.—G. F. H.

The proposed proposal takes place in fact. Mr. Watney's attitude suggests that a major tactical error has been committed. Mrs. Watney (RUTH MAITLAND) expresses herself, too.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

JULY draws to its close, and the holiday feeling is already in the air. It is high summer, and if the thermometer is given to vacillating in its familiar British way, if we broil one week and freeze the next, what of it? This, we know, is the time of the year for salads and light fare, the time when private problems lose their harsher outline, and have even been known to yield to a fresh air and sunshine treatment. Entertainment borrows a hint from Nature, and does its best to keep us smiling. Musical comedy seems well suited to the mood of the moment, and musical comedy, therefore, is on the menu at the Regal and the London Pavilion.

"ON THE AVENUE" (Regal), from the Twentieth Century-Fox studios, is a back-stage story with music by Irving Berlin. Its chief claim to originality is the teaming-up of Dick Powell with the beautiful Madeleine Carroll, who, as the richest girl in America, graciously allows herself to be sung to, and at, by America's favourite crooner, what time she is not exceedingly wrath with that gentleman for staging, as the hit of his Broadway show, a cruel burlesque of herself and her father, Commodore Carraway. The burlesque, showing parent and daughter dining at a table so long that they have to converse by telephone, and are served by a footman on skates, is in itself amusing enough. It would have been a great deal funnier had we seen the Carraways' actual home-life first. However, the order of things is reversed to reveal the Carraways at their most cantankerous, vowing vengeance for the insult. Miss Carroll starts in by slapping Mr. Powell's face, after which she falls in love with him, during the process of proving herself a sport. Follows the mid-Channel misunderstanding, without which no musical play can stay the course, and rescue of the heroine at the altar rails from marriage with the wrong man. Drop in a handful of ditties—not, I think, in the composer's best vein—about romance and the moon and last year's crop of kisses, add a few stage turns and the indefatigable Ritz Brothers, and there you have the mixture as before. Unlike the sea of our dreams, it does not sparkle all the time, but it has its spectacular and its pleasant moments, none better than the nocturnal visit of the lovers to a "hot-dog stand" presided over by Billy Gilbert, whose excitable Italian is a gem. Madeleine Carroll, blonde, regally lovely, and appropriately elegant, plays the rich girl with spirit and intelligence, but Alice Faye, another blonde who has been mentioned more than once as a possible successor to the late Jean Harlow, seizes her opportunities in the comparatively small part of a jealous stage-star so firmly, with such deep-voiced sincerity and quiet strength, that hers is the most memorable performance in an irresponsible and popular piece.

Mr. Watney is annoyed with Oswald Hope (STUART LATHAM), *and rightly so.*

Typical inanity by Binkie Rudd, talking to the crafty "Lottie" (JEANNE STUART).

Adapted from the operetta by Gatti and Jenbach, "THE LILAC DOMINO" (London Pavilion) belongs to the older school of musical entertainment in which no link is necessary between reality and frank artificiality, nor any fantasy too extravagant if it be wittily inspired. It takes, however, a happy invention to render the operetta palatable to modern tastes, and, unfortunately, no Lubitsch has been at work on the conventional material of "The Lilac Domino," no nimble wit has dealt with its dialogue. The picture relies mainly on melodies that have a pleasant lilt, elaborate costumes, and the rather too massive revelries at a *bal masqué*, during which a huge chorus clamours in crescendo for the mysterious Lilac Domino, whilst the lady who wears it pursues an impecunious Count with whom she is in love. The Count is Hungarian, ardent, and a gambler. The heroine, having met her hero during a schoolgirl escapade, reforms him, and finally rewards his ardour on board her wealthy father's yacht. A thin story, but nicely wrapped up in decorative trimmings. It would have been the better for lighter handling by the director, Frederick Zelnik, and have gained in strength had June Knight's attack on her part sustained the *bravura* quality so essential to an operetta.

Though a pert and pretty schoolgirl, she is physically and vocally overweighted in the later stages of her romance. She is gallantly partnered by Michael Bartlett, who makes a personable hero and sings well, the while Athene Seyler and Fred Emney, armed with their comedy experience, go in quest of humour in fields that have already been well ploughed.

Astrology would seem to be in the news in Hollywood, for, treading in the footsteps of Charlie Ruggles comes Joe E. Brown in "WHEN'S YOUR BIRTHDAY?" (Gaumont, Haymarket), winning his way through tribulations to triumph by studying the stars. The little comedian with the wide smile has a gentle humour and a touch of pathos that mark him out for the butt of the more hard-boiled, such as the Barker of a fair-ground and a big-time gambler who discovers useful tips in the hero's horoscopes. A victim of his own prophecies, Mr. Brown is forced to take the place of the Salvador Slayer in the prize-ring, to be pummelled unmercifully, until the rising of the moon, his patron planet, restores his courage. The final bout is good fun of the slapstick order, and a dilatory moon adds to its suspense. But the picture as a whole places a heavy burden on the comedian's shoulders, leaving it to him to infuse humour into situations that are not in themselves particularly comic by sheer force of personality, with the aid of an engaging and intelligent mongrel.

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XII.

"QUALITY STREET" SCREENED WITH KATHARINE HEPBURN.

*Sir James Barrie's well-known play, "*QUALITY STREET,*" is to be presented in its Radio picture form at the New Gallery on July 25.* KATHARINE HEPBURN *plays Phœbe Throssel, who is here trying to be very stern and schoolmarm-ish as a result of having lost her fortune through Valentine Brown's bad advice.*

Phœbe (KATHARINE HEPBURN) *finds it's not so easy to be stern. One of her impertinent pupils,* CLIFFORD SEVERN, *is daring her to cane him.*

When Valentine Brown (FRANCHOT TONE) *comes back from the wars he fails to recognise Phœbe, but he flirts merrily with Phœbe's supposed niece, Olivia* (KATHARINE HEPBURN).

Phœbe (KATHARINE HEPBURN), *masquerading as her niece, Olivia, enjoys a big success at the ball. She is doing her best to fascinate Valentine Brown* (FRANCHOT TONE).

Valentine Brown has gone off to the wars without proposing and Phœbe (KATHARINE HEPBURN) *looks sadly at a keepsake rose. She is with her elder sister, Susan Throssel* (FAY BAINTER).

The Throssel sisters, Phœbe (KATHARINE HEPBURN) *and Susan* (FAY BAINTER), *lose their money through the bad financial advice given by Valentine Brown.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.

THREE FIANCÉES AT ONCE.

IRINA BARONOVA, *one of the prima ballerinas of the de Basil Russian Ballet, whose season is in full swing at Covent Garden, is seen in triplicate in the mirrors of her dressing-room. She is making-up for "Symphonie Fantastique," the ballet to Berlioz music in which she appears as the beautiful fiancée of the poet ; and is transformed into a sinister figure in the Witches' Sabbath which concludes the ballet. She has begun her "diabolical" make-up and already has Mephistophelean eyebrows.*

"FLOODLIGHT" ON "SIR THOMAS BEETON IN THE KITCHEN."

"SIR THOMAS BEETON IN THE KITCHEN" *is the title of an amusing skit on ballet which is one of the high spots in* "FLOODLIGHT," *the Beverley Nichols revue at the Saville. Sir Thomas* (LYLE EVANS) *is conducting, and the Cook* (HERMIONE BADDELEY) *and the Chef* (CYRIL WELLS) *are in the foreground.*

Right: The Cook (HERMIONE BADDELEY) *and the Chef* (CYRIL WELLS) *give a dance in Russian Ballet style. We need hardly point out that Mrs. Beeton is famous in the kitchen, and that Sir Thomas Beecham is one of our most distinguished musicians, so Beverley Nichols has combined cookery and conducting in his burlesque of the ballet.*

Below: An unusual shot of Sir Thomas Beeton (LYLE EVANS), *the Cook* (HERMIONE BADDELEY), *and the Chef* (CYRIL WELLS).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

BY APPOINTMENT

THINK OF THE COOL CELLARS THAT HAVE BROUGHT BOOTH'S GIN TO MATURITY

Booth's

THE **MATURED** GIN

BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LIMITED, 83-85 TURNMILL STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Dorland

The Sketch Diary of Fashion

EDITED BY
OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

COOL colours against golden sands. Here, on the left, is Paquin's lavender-blue beach outfit, the coat trimmed with natural linen, with belt and monogram in navy. It has a very full skirt, draped sleeves, and is worn over shorts and a sun-top in lavender-blue.

OR, if you want to stand up to the sun, rivalling his brilliance, you could do it in Paquin's beach ensemble which is photographed above. In roman-striped linen, vividly contrasted, the shorts and sun-top are cut in one, with a skirt which buttons at the waist.

TEA-TIME at the Casino—and on the facing page we have found for you an exquisite white lace suit in which to make a grand entry. Robert Piguet, master of youthful sophistication, emphasises its simplicity with a wide belt of blue velvet, matched by the hat.

MONTE CARLO MEDLEY

FOR gala occasions—the lovely gown at the head of this page, in white crêpe embroidered with silver studs and worn with a long ostrich feather boa. The shoulder straps and the hem are bordered, and the line is broken only by the gauging to the waist. This, too, is a model by Robert Piguet.

CHANEL takes organdie and blows it together like a cloud. Here she uses it in white, embroiders it in black, and drapes it with black taffetas ribbon. Then, to crown it all, she tops it with a delicately spangled veil with a cluster of taffetas bows.

CLEAR CHECKS ARE ADVANCE NEWS FOR THE AUTUMN

They may be large or small, but they must be gay, for Colour is all-important.

JOHN EVERARD

EVERY woman who spends any time in the country knows the virtues of a Burberry coat. It is an old friend, tried and proven in many trying circumstances. It is something no one would willingly be without.

Here is a Burberry coat in saddle tweed half lined with Urber silk. It has a three-way collar which can be worn open, buttoned up to the neck, or fastened round the throat. It is double-breasted, with a slit at the back, an all-round belt, and grand-looking raglan shoulders.

You will find it at Burberry's, in the Haymarket, in several different colours, and while you are there you should look at their woollen sweaters, cardigans, and scarves, for they are most original in design and in their combination of shades.

The Sheer Beauty of it!

There is a thrill in the gossamer-like delicacy of their weave — there is distinction in their perfect shaping. No need whatever now to deliberate over the choice of stockings. Bear Brand at 3/11 to 8/11 add an economical touch to such luxury.

Bear Brand

Crepe Luxury Stockings

3/11 to 8/11

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

MR. L. A. G. STRONG'S new story, "The Swift Shadow," differs in character and tone from most of his novels. The Irish group are wistful and elegiac, full of regret for childhood past and for the figures which, to the eyes of childhood, seemed heroic and above life-size. Then come the school stories, long or short, in which childhood and youth are viewed from a different angle, realistically, humorously, tenderly, but with no sense of loss and longing. "The Seven Arms," with its setting in the western islands of Scotland, strikes a different note: here we find strangers trying to acclimatise themselves, spiritually as well as physically, to a country that receives them with courtesy, but with reserve, and that will not hand over its secrets without a struggle. The Southerners wish to be accepted and their anxiety engenders an emotional crisis, but something like frustration awaits them. A kind of mysticism, felt rather than stated, informs this Scottish tale, that has little or nothing to do with the mood of lyrical sadness which produced the Irish stories, "The Garden" and "Sea Wall." And some of Mr. Strong's novels escape classification: "Corporal Tune," for instance, which is, among other things, a fantasy of illness, a study of a mind under the shadow of death, or, if one prefers to look at it otherwise, straining its eyes towards the light from beyond the grave.

"The Swift Shadow."

Nearly all these novels trace, implicitly rather than explicitly, a spiritual progress—or at any rate a spiritual search; they indicate a philosophy but do not precisely state it. Mr. Strong's new book, "The Swift Shadow," seems to me a new departure. Not as regards its scene: a native, by birth or adoption, of several countries, Mr. Strong gave his first important contribution to fiction a Devonshire setting. But there was an element of melodrama in "Dewed Rides" which is entirely absent from "The Swift Shadow." The latter acknowledges, in method and treatment, though not in point of view, the influence of Thomas Hardy. It has a central situation which Hardy might have chosen—which, indeed, he did choose in "A Pair of Blue Eyes" and "Far from the Madding Crowd." No fewer than three men wish to marry Esther, daughter of Mrs. Nancarrow, the landlady at the "Cross Roads." Jago is the leading farmer of the district, a bold, hard man, a bully with the courage of his instincts, respected but universally disliked; Harry Stoneman, a younger but, from the worldly point of view, much inferior *parti*, is gallant, reckless, easily put out, hard to please, but with the temperament to make a woman love him; while Arthur Brisworthy has all the virtues, but is too shy and submissive to be able to use them to advantage—at any rate, where Esther is concerned. A girl of spirit, it is clear she would never have married the distasteful (and possibly rather overdrawn) Jago; and it is doubtful if she would have married Harry but for an accident. An accident in every sense of the word. Jago's dog, a canine edition of himself, killed Esther's. Harry took him to task for this, a feud developed, and in what can only be called a drunken brawl Harry nearly strangled Jago and in turn suffered the loss of an eye. He was to suffer much more than this, however, though Mrs. Nancarrow did not know it when she urged Esther to marry him. The encounter left him a complete physical wreck, and when the second part of the story begins we find Esther tied to a helpless invalid. Knowing her own mind better than did her mother, she would probably not have married Harry had she not half-believed that he received his injury from acting as her paladin.

A Literary Influence.

One could point to other traces of Hardy's influence: the Greek chorus of yokels, for instance, talking the amusing, but never exaggerated, dialect for which Mr. Strong has such an admirable ear; the continuous references to the landscape; the way that individual scenes and episodes are isolated, standing out in bold relief from the general background of narrative. The terrible and unforgettable episode of the haunted thorn-tree is a good example of how Mr. Strong's imagination seizes upon an idea, and makes a frame round it; and no less impressive, though in a different way, is the account of the great snowfall which kept the weather-bound men unwelcome guests at Mrs. Nancarrow's hostelry. From the point of view of art, these pictures are perhaps too complete in themselves; they make the story a little shapeless. Indeed, one's chief criticism is that Esther's marriage divides the book in two, and the narrative interest is succeeded by an interest of another sort—the development of Esther's character under the prolonged strain of Harry's illness. The Esther who defended Harry from her mother's murderous intentions is the same and yet a different being from the girl who kept him waiting on the hill. She has been moulded, partly by circumstances, but in a still greater degree by her own submission to, or co-operation with, circumstances. Herein Mr. Strong parts company with Hardy, whose characters, though sometimes (not always) modified by Fate, remain rebels to the last. Mr. Strong propounds a gospel of acceptance: the thorn-tree with its resident earth-spirit is mischievous, but we must compromise with it, remembering that evil is not alien to the order of the universe, but, unhappily, part and parcel of it. This theory, or something like it, is not only implied but stated in his story, and the incidents are a commentary on it. We find statement and explanation where before we found suggestion and inference; the story is not built up to embody an emotional attitude towards life, but designed to illustrate a settled conviction. It is solid and monumental in a way that Mr. Strong's other books are not; and if it lacks some of their poetry, it also has a sense of inevitability and a rather bleak grandeur that they do not possess.

COLONEL H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT, *who is Honorary Colonel of the Buckinghamshire Battalion of the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, was present at the annual rifle competition at Great Kimble, Bucks. She presented prizes and subsequently had tea with the officers of the regiment, with whom she is shown in our group.* LORD COTTESLOE, C.B., *who is also an Honorary Colonel, is seated on the left of the Duchess, and* COLONEL BURNETT-BROWN, M.C., *who commands the Battalion, is on the right.*

"Government House."

Specialised knowledge of a particular phase of life very often produces good novels. Art, or all art but the greatest, demands limitations and even thrives on them; and when they are predetermined, there is less chance of the artist straying outside his range or attempting what is beyond his power. Miss Susan Gillespie knows a good deal about life in general and a great deal about life as it is lived by a rather exalted section of society in India. What her

[*Continued overleaf.*

L19.

an
awful
"faux pas"
and you flounder
deeper
and
deeper ! . . .

ever noticed
how
a cigarette
helps you
to overcome
the embarrassment
of
your
unfortunate remark? . . .

after all,
how
were
you
to
know
it
was
her husband ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

Continued.]

considered opinion of it is we are not told, and we have no right to regard Mary Chisholm, a novelist who had come out to Wadapore on a visit to her brother, Major Chisholm, as the author's mouthpiece. Mary, a novelist who for five years had ceased to practise her craft, associated India with her brother's divorced wife, Elise—

Even though everything had altered so much, there was still that unmistakable "something" that was the same. Perhaps it was the light-heartedness; the sunshine; the utterly idiotic conversation; the *chota*-pegs; the dust; middle-aged women still having the same affairs with boys young enough to be their sons; the blatancy of these intimacies; the indifference to any seriousness, either in thought or deed; and still that remarkable unconcern about the politics of India and the reforms.

A Jaundiced View.

Mary took a jaundiced view, and the story Miss Gillespie tells does not really bear it out. From his arm-chair the reader enjoys the light-heartedness and the sunshine, and even the dust. The highly technical conversations about horses and hunting might be boring, one can see, if given at greater length: in snippets they are entertaining, while the actual descriptions of horsemanship, whether in the hunting field or on the race-course, are done by a master-hand. Certainly we do not get much serious conversation about politics or reform; but, on the other hand, the love-affairs, though ill-judged and on the whole unhappy, are not blatant. Major Chisholm, it is true, fell in love with Sabina Lale, a girl young enough to be his daughter, and Sabina's father, the Governor, fell in love with Elaine Hannaker, a married woman, whom the colony, without any justification except her sing-song voice and dusky colouring, called a Eurasian. Neither of these affairs had, or could have, a happy ending. Sabina (a well-drawn portrait) was spoilt, selfish, and headstrong; Major Chisholm, in spite of his middle-aged attractions, was weak and still unduly attached to his divorced wife, a vulgar, cheerful soul who had had the insensitiveness to return to her old *milieu* as a milliner's agent. But love is none

MR. DAVID NARES, *son of Mr. Owen Nares, the actor, is engaged to* MISS JANE THOMPSON, *only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Thomas and Lady Thompson. Miss Thompson is wearing her engagement ring, a fine solitaire diamond.*

the less love because it is inappropriate or unreasonable or slightly ridiculous; and Miss Gillespie makes us feel that this ill-assorted quartet were really in love—a feat she does not accomplish, I think, so successfully in the case of Mary Chisholm, whose parched heart blossoms rather unexpectedly. Throughout the story the characterisation is both subtle and convincing. What more natural, for instance, than that Major Chisholm should yield to Lady Lale's woman-of-the-world tactics on behalf of her daughter. Miss Gillespie can handle incident, too: the one act of terrorism is well described. Certainly "Government House" is a book to read and to recommend.

"Sunset at Noon."

The same is true of "Sunset at Noon," a novel with its scene in post-war Vienna, and (as befits its scene) a romantic atmosphere. Constantine Flemming ("Stanzi" to her friends) is a romantic figure, but not a romantic character. An orphan, early thrown upon her own resources, she determines to achieve fame as an author. She also decides that the way to fame lies through an unwavering championship of the principles of femininism. These she extols in fiction and practises in life; with men she is hail-fellow-well-met; she would rather be a friend in need than a friend in bed—although, partly from principle, she willingly becomes the mistress of the first young man who takes an even tepid interest in her. She regards similarity of opinion as more important than congeniality of temperament; hence her coldness to the Professor, who loved her but despised her views. Thanks to her single-mindedness, she succeeded in her aims; the novel-reading and film-going public recognised her talent and soon she had the world, which she so little understood, at her feet. But it was a barren victory. Miss Feiner brings Stanzi to reason (if a more submissive attitude to the other sex can be called reason) by the somewhat banal, but all too probable, expedient of a motor crash. "Sunset at Noon" is a story written at varying levels of artistic sincerity, but it has life and charm, and the heroine's almost invincible *naïveté*, even when exaggerated, makes her a very real human being.

MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN, *author of the plays comprising "Victoria Regina" and "The Golden Sovereign," now being serialised in "The Evening Standard," presented one of the original drawings by* MR. ERNEST H. SHEPARD *(right) illustrating them to* MISS PAMELA STANLEY, *who takes the part of the Queen in "Victoria Regina," at the Lyric. The presentation took place at the Sporting Gallery, where Mr. Shepard's drawings will be on view until July 29.*

"Naked Gold."

When people are engaged in ventures as desperate as was the kidnapping of the *Cristobal*—a treasure ship bearing gold to Germany from America in face of the Allied blockade—it is hard to tell whether they are behaving naturally or not. Especially when

[Continued on page XII.

This England . . .

Upton-on-Severn (the Malvern Hills in the distance)

A RIVER at eventide seems made for gentle rumination. How like the way of a man through life is the course of such as the Severn. Headlong, wild in its imperious youth, shouldered by circumstance away from its ambition; turning then, slowed to a grave deep beauty of character, towards its goal; crowned at last by achievement such as Bristol typifies, seated there like some mellow burgher, full of years and usefulness. This rhythm informs most good things—certainly the brewing of your Worthington. Youthful strength that in the fullness of time must work itself into rich maturity—suave to the palate but of great and generous heart.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

IT is with a certain amount of pleasure that one may review the Open Championship at Carnoustie. The pleasure and the pride lie in the fact that Great Britain retained the title in spite of the strongest attack the United States has ever made. Looking at the scores returned and the remarkable achievements of most of the players, now that I am writing in the sunshine of Southern England, I am amazed at the high standard of golf produced at Carnoustie. And the most remarkable fact of all is that our men, who eclipsed the "best team that ever came from the United States," were so badly beaten in the Ryder Cup match. It seems fairly obvious that at Southport the British golfers were overwhelmed by the occasion. Whereas at Carnoustie most of our International players beat an extremely difficult par, at Southport they were nowhere near to it. I have taken the trouble to work out the scores of the members of the victorious Ryder Cup team at Southport, and I am surprised, as I am sure many golfers will be, to realise that the Americans averaged a score of approximately seventy-five, or two more than the par score. It requires no great stretch of imagination to realise why we were beaten.

MRS. SHUTE, *wife of D. Shute, the American golfer, was prevented by a blistered heel from walking round at Walton Heath to watch the match between her husband and Cotton, but waited on the last green.*

No Inferiority Complex.

But that defeat at Southport must have done more for British golf than anything that has happened in the post-war years. It apparently made the British professionals realise that Southport had to be lived down. And not only did they live it down at Carnoustie—they utterly destroyed and buried the bogey of a British inferiority complex. It certainly looked like another bad day for British golf when, at the end of the qualifying competition, there were five American players leading the field. As though that were not bad enough, there were fifteen players in front of Henry Cotton, the leading Ryder Cup man, while an amateur, Mr. Alastair McLeod, a prominent West of Scotland golfer, and Max Faulkner, a brilliant young assistant from Sonning, together with W. Smithers, who, until a few weeks ago, was a caddie at Sunningdale, shared the honours as leading British players.

Americans Trailing Behind.

What a glorious change it was when the Championship began in earnest! I was commiserating with Henry Cotton after the qualifying rounds, and I can recall his words now: "Never mind," he said. "It is far better that they should lead now than at the end of the week. Let us wait until then." At the end of the first round, Ed Dudley, one of the United States cracks, was leading, but Alfred Padgham, the holder, had shown a return to form and was playing well. Reginald Whitcombe, Henry Cotton, James Adams, W. J. Cox, Percy Alliss, and a number of other strong British challengers were in the vanguard, and many of the Americans were trailing behind. With two rounds played, there were only two Americans in the first seven. Reginald Whitcombe led the field with the amazing score of 142 on a course where the strictest par could hardly be assessed at fewer than 75, and that is making no allowance for the rain and the wind which marred the Championship. Charles Whitcombe shared second place with Dudley, while Cotton and Padgham were taking care of Densmore Shute, just behind them. The other Americans were trailing farther and farther behind, and by the time the third round was played on that memorable Friday, a British victory was practically assured. But for this pleasing feature, I should think that day would be known in golf history as Black Friday. When Reginald Whitcombe started on his penultimate round it was raining, and raining hard. But by comparison with the deluge which swamped the course later in the day, he played his round in fine weather, going round in 74 to retain the leading position. His brother, Charles Whitcombe, was two strokes behind him, and Henry Cotton a stroke behind Charles. Padgham had fallen away, but so, too, had all the Americans, and nothing but a complete *débâcle* could rob one of the British players of the title. Ultimately the Championship rested between the two Whitcombes and Cotton. Reginald was the first of the trio to start, and his chances were quickly washed away by the downpour of rain. How he managed to play so well as he did to go round in 76 (only one more than par) I cannot imagine. At the sixth hole his club slipped through his hands and he almost missed the ball completely on the tee. However, his total of 292 was beatable by half-a-dozen players. Henry Cotton was the next to attempt this feat.

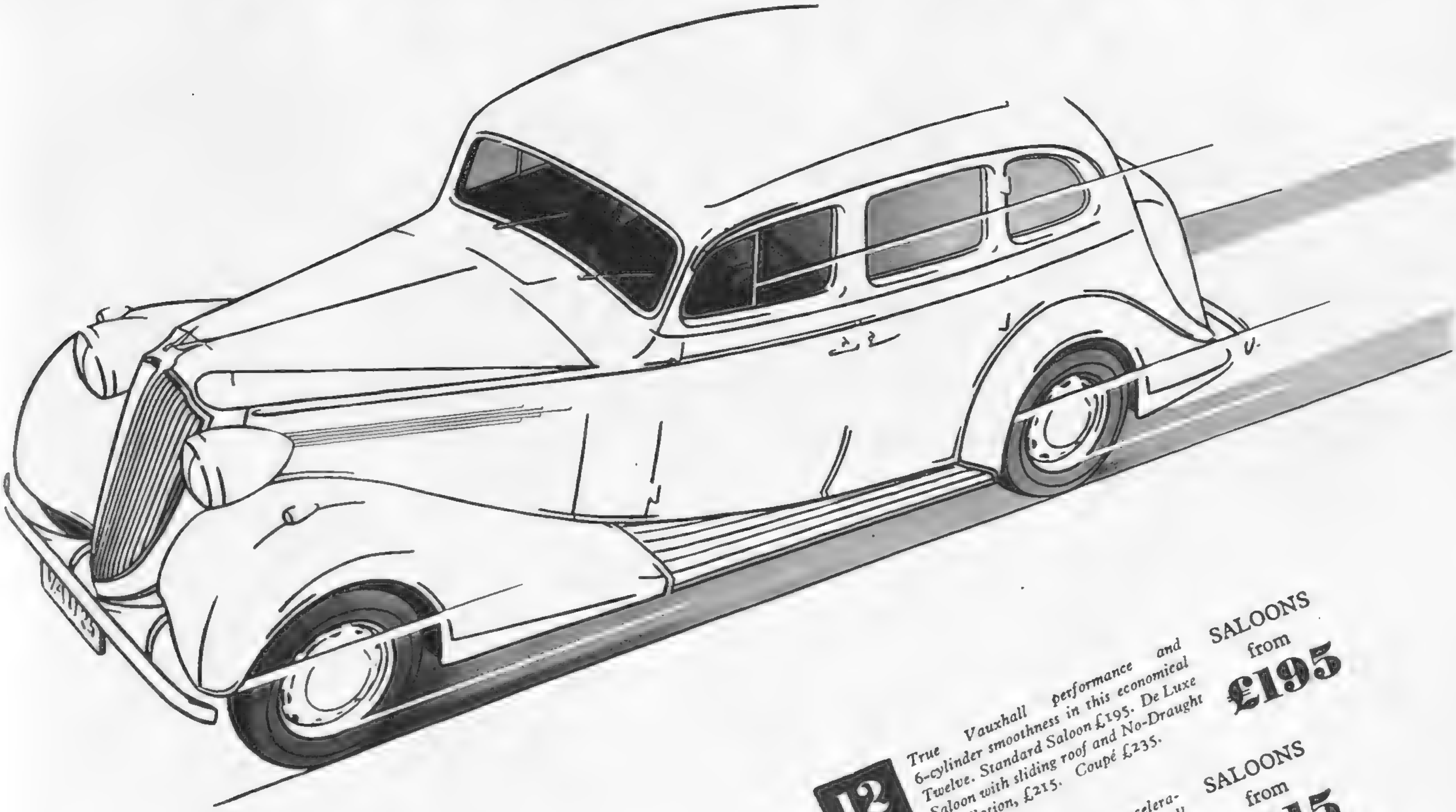
HENRY COTTON *(right), the new British Open Golf Champion, beat* D. SHUTE, *the American match-play champion, in a £500-a-side 72-holes challenge match at Walton Heath last week. They are here shaking hands before starting off the match. At the end of the first day's play of 36 holes Cotton was 2 up, and on the second day he won the match, beating Shute by 6 and 5.*

A Wonder Round.

I have seen more championships than I care to recall, but never have I seen such a wonderful round of golf as that played by Cotton to win the Championship. He achieved the seemingly impossible, going round in 71 with about 20,000 spectators so eager to see him that they did almost everything that could possibly disturb a player's concentration. But Cotton did not lose his concentration. He placed his drives in exactly the right spot, and when on the few occasions that his iron shots went astray, his pitching and his putting saved him. It certainly cannot be said any longer that Cotton is not a good putter. He won the Open Championship on the greens.

The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: The Illustrated **Sporting and Dramatic** *News; Every Friday.*

Why all these Vauxhalls?



12 H.P. *True Vauxhall performance and 6-cylinder smoothness in this economical Twelve. Standard Saloon £195. De Luxe Saloon with sliding roof and No-Draught Ventilation, £215. Coupé £235.*

SALOONS from **£195**

14 H.P. *Lively performance and extra acceleration in this, the most popular of all Fourteens. De Luxe Saloon £215. Touring Saloon with built-in luggage accommodation, £220. Coupé £235.*

SALOONS from **£215**

25 H.P. *A big, roomy five seater saloon designed to meet world competition. 80 miles an hour. 20 miles per gallon. Saloon £298. Grosvenor 7-str. Limousine on long chassis, £575.*

SALOONS from **£298**

Why are so many motorists "Vauxhall-minded"? Have Vauxhalls something that other cars haven't got?

Yes—if you compare Vauxhalls on a strict value-for-money basis with other cars of similar size and price. Yes—if you want such advantages as Independent Springing, No-Draught Ventilation, controlled Synchro-mesh, combined with distinctive appearance, fine performance and lively acceleration.

Before you decide on your next car, try all the cars around the price you wish to pay. Compare Vauxhall from every angle—acceleration, riding comfort, driving ease and the other features that make for motoring enjoyment. Any Vauxhall dealer will welcome this comparison and willingly provide a car for you to test.

Fully illustrated catalogues post free on request from Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton, Beds.

TRY OTHERS —— LET A RIDE DECIDE

VAUXHALL

12 *h.p.* **14** *h.p.* **25** *h.p.*

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"YOU get the same amount of interest on your War stock every half-year. The security is still the finest in the world. What on earth are you crying about?"

"Because the price has come down, of course. Isn't that enough to make any but a bear grizzle?"

"Possibly it is. But you have no real cause for tears, though. I can imagine the Inland Revenue weeping like the Carpenter——"

"Or was it the Walrus?" interrupted The Jobber.

"—weeping like the Walrus *and* the Carpenter," continued The Broker, "at the prospect of losing part of what they expected to make in Death Duties when you die——"

"But you can't be said to have lost a thing if you know where it is," The Merchant objected.

"You must tell that to the man who accidentally dropped his gold watch into the middle of the Atlantic. Don't you think that the Government must be well down on the last three months' revenue from Duties, and from transfer-stamps, too?"

"It will make up for the loss by other ways. Companies are doing well. Employment is good. Railway traffics show big increases. The country must be quite prosperous as a whole."

"That 's so. The Chancellor will want a lot of money, all the same, and the Stock Exchange supplies him with a good deal when prices are rising and business is likewise."

"Don't you worry," The Broker advised. "Your War Loan interest is safe, and you can go on sleeping soundly amongst your Chemicals and Imps., and Lyons and Cements."

"The good Industrial shares don't give you much of a yield on your money. I 'm glad I took your tip about Vickers," The Engineer went on. "It was against my own judgment at the time, I don't mind telling you. But you did seem so sure about it. You must have done very well yourself out of them, eh?"

"Without wishing to appear unduly inquisitive," retorted The Broker blandly, "may I ask why you wish to know? Not that I mind telling you. As a matter of fact, I had no spare money just then, and I left them alone."

"You could have carried them over," remarked The Jobber.

"It 's a funny thing, but ever since the war I have felt a prejudice against contangoing what I buy. Why it should be so, I really can't say, but it 's the case."

"Very safe policy, of course. If expensive. You lose a good many chances of making money, don't you?"

"I 've never kept a record. Wish now that I had. On the whole, I reckon it has saved me a bit. The trouble is that you 're so liable to accumulate more stock than you can comfortably accommodate if prices turn against you."

"I 'm told," said The City Editor, "that a good many people in the West End are still licking the wounds they got in your May-June slump."

"That 's not confined to clients in the West End," replied The Broker; who knew.

The Engineer gave them a few details of the way in which Johannesburg had suffered. "It 's largely the gamblers' fault," he commented. "People out there went a bit crazy and——"

"Over here we are treated to the repercussion," The City Editor finished for him.

"With the result," The Jobber added, "that Stock Exchange markets suddenly become quiet, prices go easier, and nobody can understand why."

"We don't take long to get over it, that 's one blessing, at any time when people have money for investment." The Broker bent down and knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"Hi! That 's my heel," said The Merchant.

"Thanks for lending it to me. It 's when there 's no general trade doing that a Stock Exchange slump leaves our markets stagnant for months after."

"There seems to be plenty of activity in just a few things at a time," The Engineer noticed. "Those Mawchi Mines of yours have had a pretty good run, haven't they?"

"They 're not my mines: I wish they were. Wolfram, you know. And tin as well. Company 's making colossal profits."

"You never know how long the prices of base-metals are going to keep up; that 's the worst of those things. The price of tin has varied about £70 a ton in less than three months this year. Makes you think, doesn't it?"

"The thing is," The Broker declared, "nobody ought to touch mining shares of any kind unless they can afford to lose money."

"And lose it with a good grace," sighed The City Editor, "in my own line of business—and I expect it 's the same as yours, isn't it, Brokie?"

"Rather! Every time. But, actually, what are you talking about?"

"We fellows are obliged to give tips. People want them: ask for them. It 's not our own choosing. As a matter of fact, we would far rather give no advice at all. It 's safer not to; less trouble, and you don't risk losing money for people."

"Then why do it?" asked The Engineer.

"I 've just told you. People ask you what they ought to buy, and—well, take our own case here. Aren't we always trying to find out what 's a good thing to put money into, whether we happen to have the money or not?"

"You can hardly pick up a newspaper nowadays that doesn't say you should buy this, or that——"

"And very seldom says you should sell," observed The Jobber. "Why do the newspapers give these tips if they would rather not do so? They can always stick to War Loan and Courtaulds preference and Reckitts."

"It 's because some people like one class of goods, and others prefer something else. There 's a gambling streak in most folks, and it refuses to be satisfied with gilt-edged securities. The newspaper has to cater for every kind of reader."

"The newspaper," said The Jobber, "seems to be like Cæsar's wife—all things to all men."

"If you recognise the risk, and you can afford to take it," said The Merchant, "I don't see why you shouldn't have a mild flutter every now and then."

"We 're getting too highly theoretical," protested The Broker. "After all, there 's a good deal of speculation in most things: marriage, for instance, or a cigar, or a round of golf."

"Or even a round of cocktails."

"Speculation has as many different tastes as cocktails have. I buy Imperial Airways as a speculative investment for the future. You may prefer West Wits., or East Rand Consols for the long shot."

"And I like Rubber shares," confessed The Merchant. "I 'm certain that 's the market for making money sooner or later."

"My own fancy runs on Oil shares: the good ones," said The City Editor. "Yet I readily admit that the tin-mining companies are likely to show up remarkably well for the next year or two. The shares will give handsome returns on the money."

"What bothers me," said The Engineer, "is which to choose. You 've all said a mouthful in defence of gambling——"

"Rubber shares aren't a gamble," declared The Merchant.

"And would you say that the good Oil companies are ultra-speculative?" asked The City Editor.

Of course, after this, the discussion fell inevitably upon the difference that exists between investment and speculation.

"And that 's a problem," The Merchant decided, "which is no nearer solution to-day than it was when Pharaoh and Joseph agreed to make a corner in wheat during the Seven Years of Plenty."

"Egypt was never any good to me," The Jobber said. "Once upon a time, I held Sudan Plantations, but I got out just before the rise. Never mind. I put the money into Ever-Ready shares."

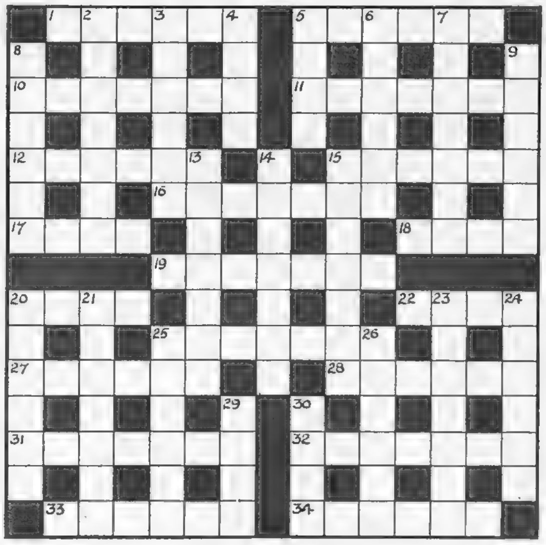
"Ever-Ready look a good investment now," The Broker considered. "Competitive business, and all that, but to get a 6½ per cent. yield one has to take a certain amount of risk."

"You can't reckon upon even 5 per cent. with safety," The City Editor lamented. "What can a man invest in nowadays? I ask you!"

"'Invest me in my motley and let me speak my mind,'" The Jobber offered, but The Broker protested that this was more than a fair business risk. And the others agreed.

Friday, July 16, 1937.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. The fishy part of one's musical training (6).
5. Evidently we want to be named a hard formation (6).
10. Wander with an average turn of colour (7).
11. Not such an unhealthy depth measurer (7).
12. Young animals at the back of one's legs (6).
15. Friction makes them hot-headed (6).
16. Story teller (7).
17. Radio cliques? (4).
18. I don a godlike shape (4).
19. It takes several of these sea beaches to make a rope (7).
20. He sounds as though he could give us an additional account of Utopia (4).
22. Unhindered scarlet (4).
25. Bill descriptive of the well-trained singer (7).
27. Starts (6).
28. Taxes coming in confusion from the East (6).
31. A waiting-maid (7).
32. Hair style for the gravelly beach (7).
33. "Confess yourself to heaven; ——— what 's past; avoid what is to come" (Hamlet) (6).
34. Part of a poem? (6).

DOWN.

2. Skin trouble and hindrance make a garland for the head (7).
3. Book of debits and credits (6).
4. Arks wrecked in the Channel (4).
5. Eye trouble for actors (4).
6. Praiseworthy comedian of Scotland (6).
7. Describes an unbusinesslike letter and a barren palm (7).
8. Pilgrim's hoods (6).
9. Is after the gold of France and then on (6).
13. The next S.O.S. is for officers of churches! (7).
14. A pattern of perfection (7).
15. The kind of fish to sell on a card (7).
20. Not exclusive head-gear, apparently (hyphen) (6).
21. The heart of No. 14 has a period in jazz (hyphen) (7).
23. The prices of cavalry attacks (7).
24. No. 23 in the plant world (6).
25. "The ——— root That takes the reason prisoner" (Macbeth) (6).
26. Duty to cut out (6).
29. It is easily lost (4).
30. Land mass (4).

All Comers' Class

Trained to essentials, the judge's eye moves from point to point seeking faults—but this time seeks in vain. The pencil stills its critical comment . . . a whisper tours the ring . . . "The Dane has it" . . . then . . . clapping of hands—subdued, casual, confirmatory—the "I told you so" of those whose Yes has been upheld. Faced with the obvious, loud praise becomes *de trop*.

Chrysler

INTERESTING FEATURES

Automatic Overdrive • Floating Power • Large hydraulic brakes • Hypoid rear axle • Synchromesh gear box • 5 to 80 m.p.h. in top gear • Wide roomy body • Best English leather or cloth upholstery • 12-volt lighting.

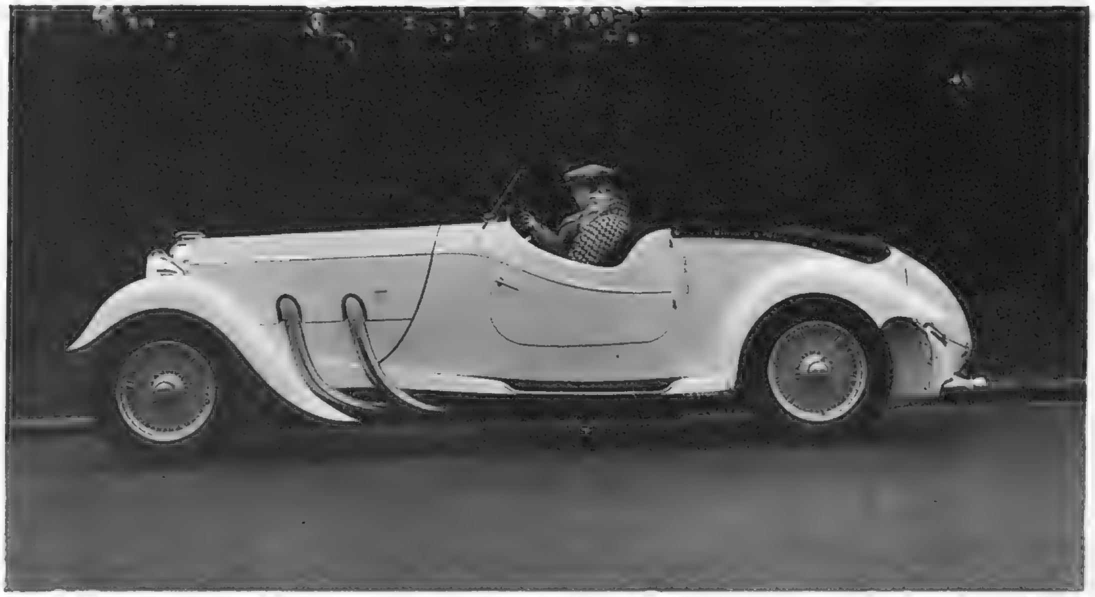
IMPERIAL	Limousine	£895
IMPERIAL	7-Passenger Saloon	£850
KINGSTON	5-Passenger Saloon	£525
RICHMOND	Touring Saloon	£435
WIMBLEDON	Touring Saloon	£375
KEW	Touring Saloon	£355

CHRYSLER MOTORS LIMITED, WORKS: KEW, SURREY

MOTOR DICTA. By H. E. SYMONS.

WE have lately run through the range of *Concours d'Élégance*, all close together, so that, in many cases, there was only just time to clean up a car thoroughly between shows. There was Bexhill, which I was unable to attend through being away on the Welsh Rally. I hear that the arrangements were excellent, and that the cars were judged while in motion, the less beautiful being eliminated one by one as the cars proceeded round and round the judge's rostrum. It must have been rather like a game of musical chairs.

Then Eastbourne, which was very well run to time, the procession round the town starting promptly at the advertised time of four o'clock. Delighted competitors were impressed by the enormous crowds lining all the route; far larger crowds than have ever turned out to see the *Concours d'Élégance* competitors parade on previous occasions. But the cause of their enthusiasm was not the procession of beautiful cars, but the hope that in one of them they might catch a glimpse of their idol, Tommy Farr! After Eastbourne came Ramsgate, another *Concours* run according to the rules laid down by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. Quite a sensation was caused at Eastbourne by Captain Short, the moving spirit of the *Concours* these many years. He declared that unless the rules under which the competition was held were altered for next year, he would cease to interest himself in it. His suggestions included a minimum value of £750 for each car exhibited, and the judging on two points only: condition and design. Such a scheme would undoubtedly secure an exclusive if small entry of magnificently finished automobiles, but it might also be banned by the S.M.M. and T., who have evolved their *Concours d'Élégance* rules in order to maintain the necessary balance between comfort and appearance. I do not claim to be an expert on women's dresses, but from my own observation, I should say that the old French motto, "*Il faut souffrir pour être belle,*" no longer applies, at any rate, in civilised countries. There is no reason why it should apply to motor-cars, for who in their senses would suffer the utmost discomfort merely in order that the car itself might look more beautiful? Unless marks continue to be given for comfort as well as for appearance, *Concours d'Élégance* may develop into exhibitions of beautiful freaks with very little practical value.



The 4½-LITRE LAGONDA "RAPIDE," which won the premier award for open sports cars costing over £1000 at the Eastbourne Concours d'Élégance, is one of the fastest fully equipped cars offered to the British public. Its price is £1050.

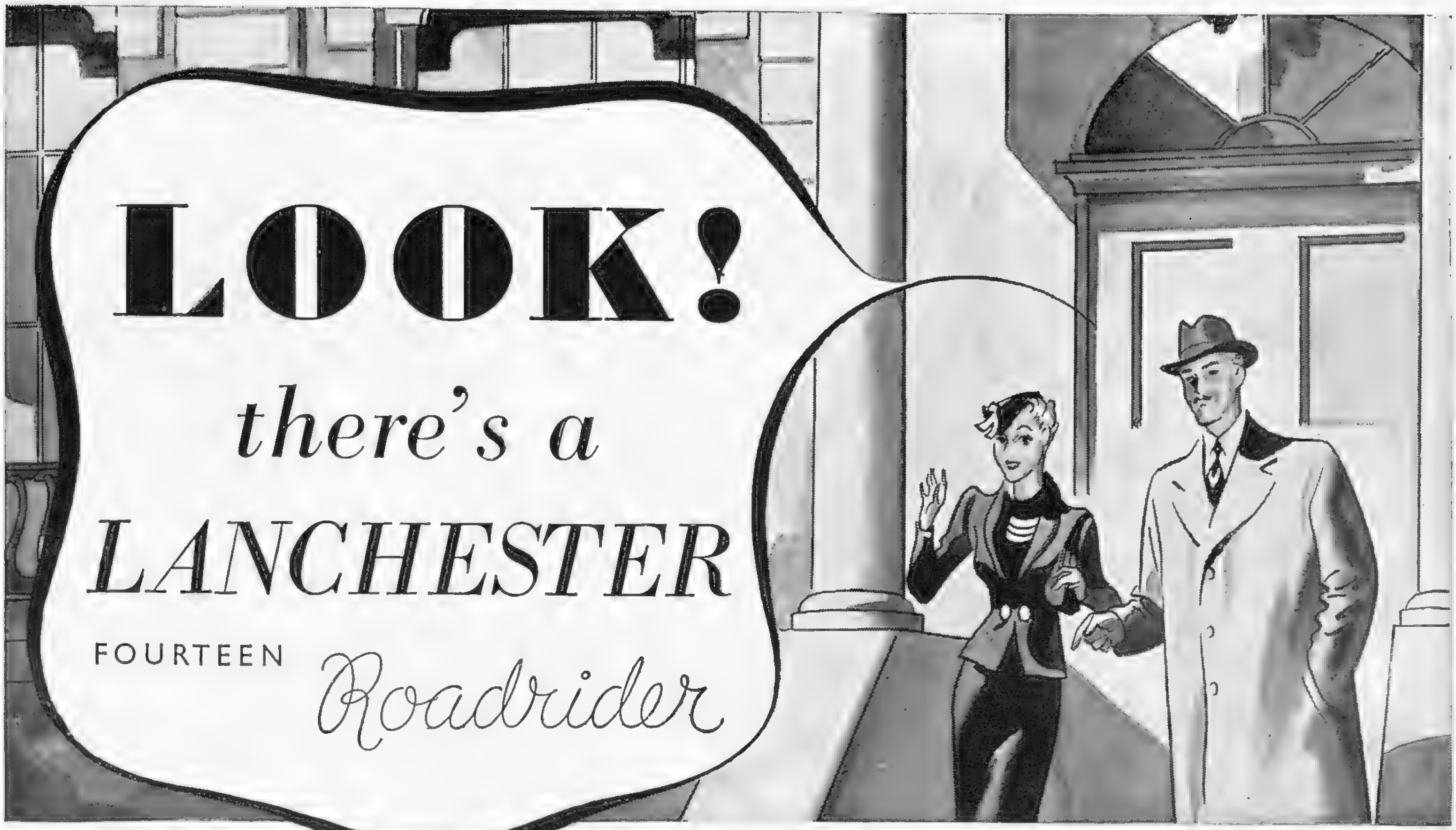
[Continued overleaf.

TWO extra horse-power

WITH BP ETHYL BECAUSE IT

BANISHES PINKING

If yours is, for example, a 12 h.p. car, and you are using an unsuitable petrol which causes "pinking," your engine is probably developing only 10 h.p. By changing over to "BP" Ethyl you can banish "pinking" and get two extra horse-power. This is because "BP" Ethyl is specially made to suit the modern high-compression engine.



Here is a car that moves well: whose appearance is faultless: whose performance combines to a nicety smoothness with silence, safety with speed. Call on your local dealer. Ask for a trial run. Notice that after the most exhaustive tests — in traffic, in the open, on the stiff gradients, on bad roads — you never feel out of tune with the car. Balance, springing, weight distribution, Daimler fluid fly-wheel transmission — all co-operate to give you a *new* sensation in motoring.

LANCHESTER FOURTEEN Roadrider

DAIMLER FLUID FLYWHEEL TRANSMISSION

("Licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler patents.")

LANCHESTER 6-CYLINDER '14' ROADRIDER	from £325 Tax £10 10s.
LANCHESTER '18'	from £595
LANCHESTER '11'	from £298

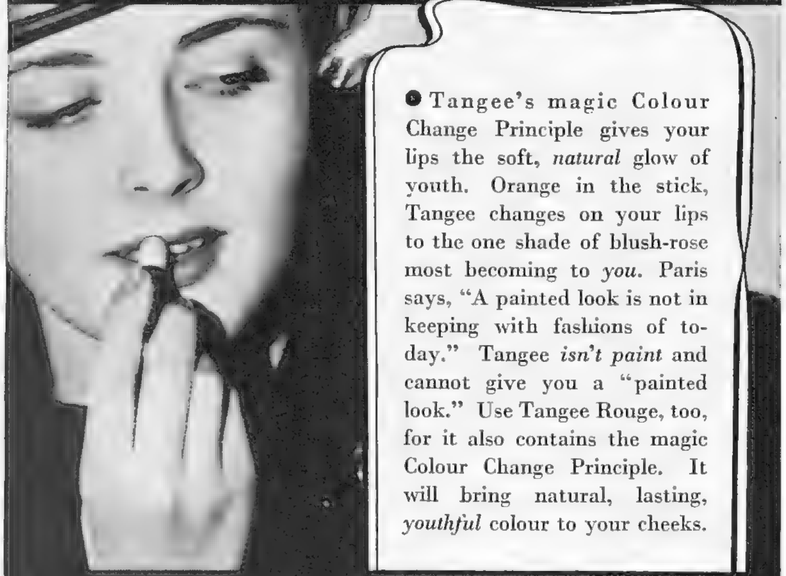
BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM · *The Lanchester Motor Co. Ltd., 111 Sandy Lane, Coventry*

Sole London Distributors

145-150 PARK LANE, W.1. Grosvenor 3434 THE CAR MART LTD *320 EUSTON ROAD, N.W.1 Euston 1212*

For lips that never look old

THROUGH THE DAY USE TANGEE...WATCH THE BLUSH-ROSE SHADE OF YOUTH APPEAR



● Tangee's magic Colour Change Principle gives your lips the soft, *natural* glow of youth. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to the one shade of blush-rose most becoming to *you*. Paris says, "A painted look is not in keeping with fashions of to-day." Tangee *isn't paint* and cannot give you a "painted look." Use Tangee Rouge, too, for it also contains the magic Colour Change Principle. It will bring natural, lasting, *youthful* colour to your cheeks.

THROUGH THE NIGHT...TANGEE LIPSTICK'S SPECIAL CREAM BASE SOFTENS AND PROTECTS YOUR LIPS

● Tangee your lips before you go to bed. Tangee Natural Lipstick's special cream base protects and soothes, keeps lips from peeling and drying in sun and wind. Tangee doesn't come off on bed linens. Awake with smooth, softly tinted lips instead of a faded "morning look." Do not confuse Tangee Lipstick with ordinary cosmetics which beauty editors advise removing at bedtime. Try Tangee to-night! It comes in two sizes, 1/9 and 4/6.

Painted *GLARING* Lips

Tangee *GLOWING* Lips

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

If you prefer more colour for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical Lipstick. And to take FULL advantage of the loveliness Tangee offers, remember Tangee Powder, Cream Rouge and Rouge Compact!

Luft-Tangee Ltd., 88 Regent Street, W.1.

"In Quest of Good Hotels"

By Ashley Courtenay

British Hotels used to be the Aunt Sally of any chance journalist in search of "copy" and sundry other dyspeptic persons. That is no longer the case. And, although the Englishman is primarily a home-lover, hotels have adapted themselves to his increasing wayfaring proclivities. But hotels are as different and individual as their visitors. Mr. Courtenay, with a rare combination of "flair" and experience, is becoming the recognized connecting link.

Hotels are his hobby and his profession. More and more people are enjoying his weekly articles on the subject in "THE SPHERE" and every morning he receives enquiries for detailed information. Unlike explorers whose activities devolve some 1000 miles up the Amazon, Mr. Courtenay's "discoveries" make excellent objectives for all who like a week-end in the country . . . or just somewhere to stay for a social event in town or country.

A weekly feature in

The SPHERE

Every Friday—Price One Shilling

"Let's Halt Awhile"

Since 1934, 16,000 copies have been sold of "Let's Halt Awhile"—a description of hotels, inns and guest-houses personally "discovered" by Mr. Ashley Courtenay. Vol. I.—Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. Vol. II.—Devon and Cornwall. Obtainable through your usual book-seller, or 1s. 3d. each post free, from Ashley Courtenay Ltd., 68, St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S

Invitation to Autumn

AS a House of Fashion we are always a little ahead of the mode—leading style rather than following it.

And although our July Sale is now in progress, we have arranged for a special Section in each of our fashion Salons to be devoted to a display of Advance Autumn Fashions.

We are showing the new Models in Suits, Ensembles, Coats and Day and Evening Gowns as well as a fine collection of Clothes for the North.

"DUMFRIES."
An ensemble for travel, in donerin herringbone tweed, with a well cut coat and skirt, worn under a long top coat. In attractive shades of Brown, Fawn, Blue, Grey. Sizes 38, 40. 6½ gns.

44 *hips* 7½ gns.

"SELKIRK."
An attractive ensemble for early autumn. It is a copy of an Alix model which combines a cape over sleeveless coat and finished with a gay coloured scarf—well cut skirt. Carried out in bouclé frieze in colours, Tan, Green, Air Force, Nigger and Navy.
38, 40 *hips.* 7½ gns.

ENSEMBLE & SUIT SALON GROUND FLOOR

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
OXFORD STREET
W.1.

English Coachbuilding plus **Hudson Performance**

28·8 h.p. developing 122 b.h.p. £555.

The **HUDSON** *Eight Special Sports Saloon*

This Sports Saloon is an outstanding example of British Coachbuilding, combining the appearance and supreme comfort with the power, astounding acceleration and effortless performance always associated with Hudson-built cars. Radial Safety Control, Double-Drop '2-X' Frame and the new finger-light steering make driving more simple, less tiring and . . . SAFE. The powerful Duo-Automatic Hydraulic brakes bring the car instantly and smoothly to a standstill. Luxuriously equipped to the last detail, few cars to-day can even equal its comfort and road riding abilities.

ALL HUDSON AND TERRAPLANE CARS ARE FITTED WITH 12-VOLT ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

Hudsons from £355 • **Terraplanes from £285**

Hudson Motors Ltd.

GREAT WEST ROAD, LONDON, W.4. *(Chiswick 4777.)*

West End Showrooms: SHAW & KILBURN LTD., 117, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.1. *(Langham 3121)*

WRITE FOR FULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE • TRIAL RUNS GLADLY ARRANGED

Terraplane 6 Standard Saloon 16·9 h.p. £299
(21·6 h.p. Engine optional)

[illegible] 8 Tickford [illegible] 28·8 h.p. £525
(Also available on Terraplane Chassis £430)

Hudson 8 Club Saloon 28·8 h.p. £475

A perfect model—distinctive man-tailored three-piece suit, with detachable Cape. In fine Angora suiting. Price 22 gns., or can be copied in various materials from - - - 15½ gns.

Tweeds for the Moors

GLORIOUS times ahead, amongst the heather and gorse!—the fresh, scented air,—the expanse of vari-coloured moors and mountains—the excitement of the shooting. And fitting, faultless, sturdy attire from Woolland's—the specialist House of dress for the moors.

Garments made to order are quoted at reduced prices during August, and are attended to by tailors of great experience.

Booklet—
"Tweeds for The Moors"
Post Free.

Woollands

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1 *SLOane* 4545

Life begins in fifty-five minutes—in Deauville. Fly there for your week-end and enjoy two days of sun and fun in a French setting. Travel via

CHANNEL AIR FERRIES, LTD.

For information London-Deauville Service apply to main agents:

OLLEY AIR SERVICE, LTD.

Departure Horseferry House (K.L.M.), (Tel. Victoria 6971/4) 9.45 and 17 Croydon (Tel. Croydon 5117/8) 10.45 and 18.

For information: Olley Air Service, Shoreham, Tel. 500.

SPECIAL DAILY SERVICE, BRIGHTON (SHOREHAM)-DEAUVILLE
from August 1st to September 1st. Fare: Single **£2.15**. Return **£5**.
Departure: Shoreham 17 o'clock. Arrival: Deauville **17.40**.

By Southampton and Havre overnight (Southern Rly.)

NORMANDY HOTEL ✦ ROYAL HOTEL
HOTEL DU GOLF

(on links)

Room only for £1. Room and full board inclusive from £1/10

All Sports. 2 Golf Courses. Tennis. Polo. Regattas. 2 Physical Culture Clubs (for adults and Children). Horse Show. Yachting.

HARRY RICHMAN, the highest paid American cabaret singer, who flew across the Atlantic with Dick Merrill, will sing at The Ambassadeurs from August 3-16.

In July and August

33 Days of Horse Races on Two Race Courses. £50,000 in Prizes.

Sunday, August 22nd:

GRAND PRIX DE DEAUVILLE

ROULETTE — BANQUE OUVERTE — BACCARAT

F. Andre, Managing Director. Same management as Casino Municipal, Cannes

"SECOND TO NONE"

She buys her clothes in Paris and winters in the "South"—exquisite "lovely" of the gossip columns. And—now, as always—Kestos is the brassière she prefers.

To-day each Kestos Brassière serves a dual purpose, changing from day model to backless evening style by a simple adjustment of the straps—just an added feature of the many that have made Kestos so widely popular.

Though lingerie to look at Kestos Brassières are sold in the corset department—at all shops. Prices from 3/11.

KESTOS

Kestos Ltd., Maddox House, Regent Street, London, W.1. (Wholesale only).

GOOD TAILORING

DURWARD suits are cut by experts from the finest materials, and superbly tailored by real craftsmen. They can be relied upon to look stylish, feel comfortable, and give lasting wear.

The "BEDFORD"
Copper coloured frieze makes an enchanting tailored cardigan suit. The self binds on the skirt seams are something very new. A model that would look equally good in emerald, navy or red. Ready-to-wear.
Price 8 Gns.

Made to measure in a variety of other materials from 9 to 11 guineas.

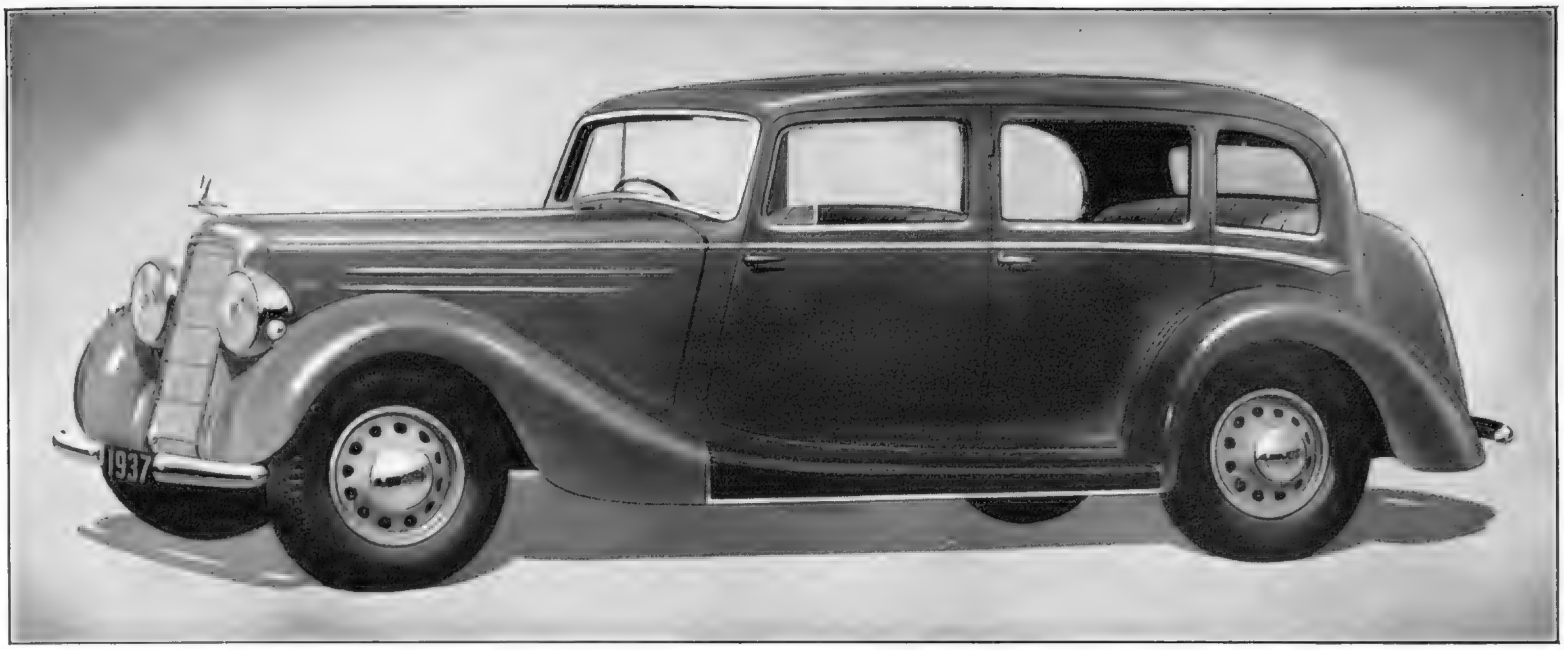
Catalogues, patterns and easy self-measurement form willingly sent on request.

Kenneth Durward LTD.
37, CONDUIT STREET
BOND STREET
LONDON, W.1.

The Window THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON The World

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

OF ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSTALLS—ONE SHILLING



WHY NOT SEVEN SEATS?

for the Price and Running Costs of a Saloon that ONLY seats five

Did you know that Hillman offer today the world's finest value in Seven Seater Cars, a Saloon providing spacious comfort for as low as **£375** (Tax £15.15.0)

a Limousine with winding division for chauffeur or owner driving at **£395** (Tax £15.15.0)

Here are proved cars of outstanding performance — from walking pace to the speed of a Hawk on top gear and, thanks to "Evenkeel" suspension, the greatest advance in riding comfort and safety ever made.

Why not investigate this? Write us for literature or get in touch with your local Hillman Dealer today.

HILLMAN

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

ROOTES LTD. OVERSEAS REPRESENTATIVES

AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND: Mr. C. E. Blayney, Kembla Buildings, 58, Margaret Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

SOUTH AFRICA: Mr. E. C. Griffiths, P.O. Box 1374, Shell House, C/r Rissik & Main Streets, Johannesburg.

INDIA, BURMA & CEYLON: Mr H. H. Lilley, 72, Park Street, Calcutta, India.

EUROPE & NEAR EAST: Rootes Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

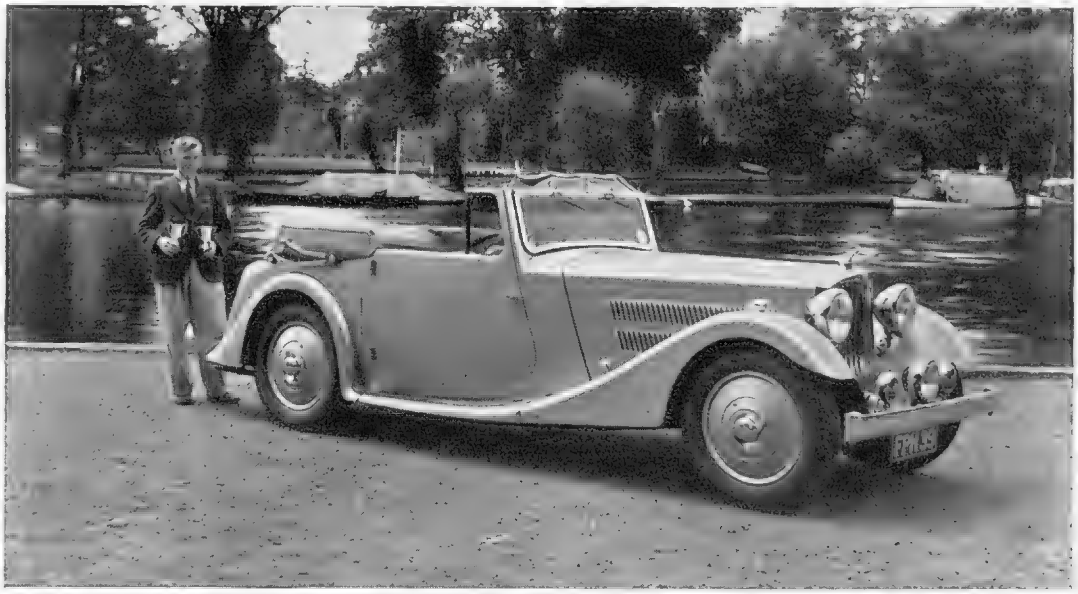
SOUTH AMERICA: Rootes Argentina S.A. Calle Juan Fco. Segui, 3775, Buenos Aires.

THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., COVENTRY. *London Showrooms & Export Dept.* : ROOTES LTD., DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1.

C.F.H.194

Continued.]

The chief award at the Eastbourne *Concours d'Élégance*, the Park Gates Hotel Challenge Bowl, was won by Mr. Jack Barclay's beautiful Rolls-Royce "Phantom III." saloon. It was also awarded first prize for the best four-door closed car, and second prize in the class for sports cars costing over £1000. With a body by Park Ward, with hollow steel framework instead of a wooden frame, it was both lighter and stronger than a body built on traditional lines. It was also exceptionally smart, with sharp corners and graceful curves cunningly harmonised. With its low roof and excellent streamlining, this limousine was in truth an excellent example of a sports model also. It was finished in indigo, with a jewelessence stone-coloured upper part, and upholstered in beige leather. This was not a special car got out for *Concours d'Élégance*, but Mr. Barclay's own property, fitted out to suit his own requirements. Thus, the drawer containing glasses and bottles of tonic water, which slid out from under the rear seat, was not designed as a bribe for thirsty judges, but as a convenience for Mr. Barclay when he goes picnicking or attends race-meetings, etc. In this connection it is worth noting that there were special fittings for his Leica camera and a pair of binoculars. Cunningly concealed in the division between the front and rear seats were a cocktail cabinet, complete with flasks of the necessary cordials, two tables which opened out to reveal cigars, cigarettes, writing-pad, pen and pencil, etc., to say nothing of a clothes-brush, pipe and tobacco, first-aid outfit, towels, and a bottle of eau-de-Cologne. There were also two wireless sets, a Philco in the front, and a Motorola in the back. One of the features which I appreciated was a device which prevented the rear doors banging on to your ankle before you had time to get in; while the interior lights, which lit up when the doors were opened, were another excellent idea.



The A.C. CAR *in this photograph won two first-class awards in the Eastbourne Concours d'Élégance. The owner is Mr. Young, and the cups were awarded for (1) the most distinctive car up to £500 at the Concours, which was an open competition; and (2) for cars costing from £451 to £550, amongst open cars as against closed cars.*

Other Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars carried off important prizes, notably the beautiful Vanden Plas two-door Bentley sports saloon entered by Mr. H. C. Hunter. Triumphs won five first and three second prizes, and the new Hillman "Minx" won a first prize at its first appearance. Lagondas were also remarkably successful. Eastbourne, in fact, might be described as the first public exhibition of some of the new models, which are appearing earlier than ever this year. The successful Triumphs were all, with one exception, of the "Dolomite" type, and the two "Minxes," as I have said, were seen out of doors for the first time.

Mappin Watches

Mappin & Webb have tried at all times to provide beauty, value and sound workmanship in return for a thoroughly fair and just expenditure. The measure of success achieved is reflected in the present status of the House after a hundred and twenty-five years' trading.

A full range of Catalogues is available should a visit to the Showrooms be inconvenient.

MAPPIN & WEBB Ltd.

156-162 OXFORD STREET, W.1 2 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.4 172 REGENT STREET, W.1 LONDON

Safety fast!

The M.G. 1½-Litre Four-Door Saloon

MG

for space . .
for grace . .
for pace. . .

M.G. 1½-Litre Four-Door Saloon £325 Four-Seater Open £280 Folding Head Foursome £335
Prices ex works: Dunlops, Triplex. Buy a car made in the United Kingdom

THE MG CAR COMPANY LIMITED · ABINGDON-ON-THAMES · BERKSHIRE

N4

SOLE EXPORTERS—M.I.E. LTD . COWLEY . OXFORD . ENGLAND

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCVIII.

ARE SLAMS WORTH THE TROUBLE?

IT is pretty sure that, at the start, the popularity of Contract was due to the high slam bonus; these figures—think of 2250!—stirred up the gambling element of bridge, and gave both the lucky and unlucky auction players hopes of better things to come. These hopes, however, were not realised; indeed results were far from satisfactory; as was only right and proper, the better (call them lucky if you will) players scored the slam bonus, the poorer (unlucky) players paid them, and as unlucky players outnumber the lucky ones to a very great extent, and as all classes had to be catered for, it was found necessary to apply "cuts" to slams. Even with the figures "cut" as they are, the popularity of contract to a certain extent is still due to the excitement of bidding, making, and scoring a slam, but this business, especially the bidding part, is pretty dull work for opponents, and I hear an increasing demand from players that slam bidding should be done away with altogether. More often than once I have heard the remark, "partner, don't let us worry about slams." For which reason I feel that slams, with their complicated bidding, may, in the long run, be the undoing of contract; that is to say, the undoing of friendly, rubber, contract as played in clubs. Of course, in competitive games slams may be a necessary feature; but then you must remember that at competitive or duplicate, the partners have played together, studied together, and practised together until they know each other's game backwards, a state of affairs which can scarcely hold good at ordinary club bridge. The two games, rubber bridge and duplicate, are separate propositions; without offence one might be called "professional," the other "amateur"—I am in favour of the amateur game. I think the foregoing may be summed up shortly thus: slams are not worth while; there is such a lot to go through to gain such a little; they are too much trouble. My view on the matter is strengthened by a letter received from Australia.

The writer, who is kind enough to say he takes great interest in these articles, tells me he has perfected a system which so far has proved successful in all competitive matches by a large number of points. What may be interesting to my readers is that he has taken a hand, published here, and shows how any team playing his system would have reached grand slam in no-trumps. The hand which was played in the Bournemouth tournament was this, and it was played in seven hearts—

Y

A		B
Spades—A, x.		Spades—K, Kn, 10.
Hearts—A, K, Q, 10, 8.	A B	Hearts—Kn, x, x, x.
Clubs—A, Q, Kn, x.		Clubs—K, 10.
Diamonds—K, Q.		Diamonds—A, 10, 9, 8.

Z

The bidding according to system should be—

A one club (a); B one diamond (b). A three hearts (c); B five hearts (d). A seven no-trumps (e).

(a) Shows a minimum of three quick tricks, inclusive of two aces, and not more than seven losing tricks. (b) Shows less than two quick tricks. (c) Shows five quick tricks and not more than five losing tricks. (d) This forcing bid shows one quick trick and two guarded kings, and normal support for hearts. (e) The dealer A now knows that partner holds at least king, x of spades; x, x, x, x of hearts; ace of diamonds, and king, x of clubs. It is quite apparent that seven no-trumps can be secured as easily as seven hearts. I grant this is all sound bidding, but again I ask is it worth going through so much to get so little? Five separate bids, each with a different meaning—a headache for the bidders, A and B! I should be happier with A four hearts, B four no-trumps; A five no-trumps, B seven no-trumps! Or even B six no-trumps, and let it go at that—loss of a grand slam certainly, but the saving of headaches, and making contract life less strenuous! And all said, the seven-heart bid actually made was not too bad.

Here is a hand showing how elusive slams are—

Spades—None.
Hearts—10, 8, 7, 6.
Clubs—K, Q, Kn, 9, 8, 7.
Diamonds—A, K, Q.

B

Y		Z
Spades—10, 9, 8, 7, 6.		Spades—5, 4, 3, 2.
Hearts—9, 5, 4, 3.	Y Z	Hearts—2.
Clubs—10, 6, 5, 4.		Clubs—A, 3, 2.
Diamonds—None.		Diamonds—7, 5, 4, 3, 2.

A

Spades—A, K, Q, Kn.
Hearts—A, K, Q, Kn.
Clubs—None.
Diamonds—Kn, 10, 9, 8, 6.

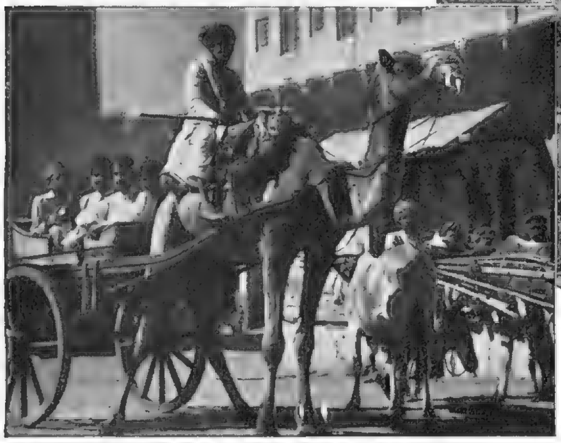
The contract is seven hearts. Y led ten of spades. Can you make it?

SEE INDIA . .

WHATEVER you ask of travel, India answers with a prodigality that no other continent can match. Teeming market squares, holy places, customs rooted in antiquity—to such variety and splendour, modernity brings swift and delightful access; all India is linked by one of the finest railway systems in the world. The trains are exceptionally roomy and there is no extra charge for sleeping berths.

For full information please apply to Indian Railways Bureau who will gladly suggest a complete itinerary. Write also for a copy of The Indian State Railways Magazine, post free 1/2 or 14/6 per annum. Or from any Bookstall. Profusely illustrated.

A superb example of Moslem architecture—Bibi-ka-Mukbara, Aurangabad, one of India's most majestic tombs



The primitive still prevails—camel-cart in Bikaner State

INDIAN RAILWAYS BUREAU

57, HAYMARKET, S.W.1. WHITEHALL 1171

N.Y.K. Line

to the

ORIENT

FORTNIGHTLY
MAIL and PASSENGER
SERVICE from LONDON
TO
CEYLON, STRAITS,
CHINA & JAPAN
via GIBRALTAR,
MARSEILLES & NAPLES.

Also from LOS ANGELES and
SAN FRANCISCO, *via* HONOLULU
or SEATTLE & VANCOUVER, B.C.,
To JAPAN and CHINA.

ROUND THE WORLD TOURS.
Far

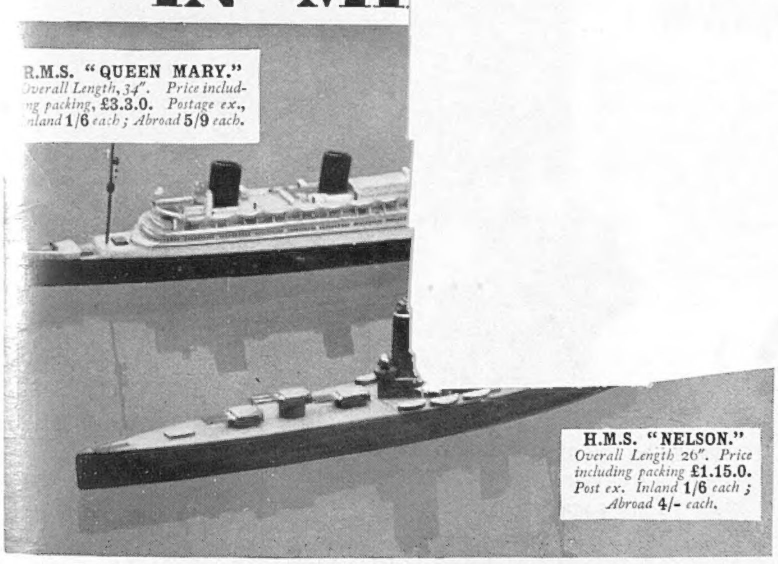
NIPPON YUS
88, Leadenhall St..
WEST END AGENTS ; Cu:ard White St

It is the day after sunbathing which decides how much good the sun has done for you. Unless you take reasonable precautions Old Sol will have left his mark very firmly on your skin. But, of course, all we wise ones know how to prevent that. Marguerite Hoare's Anti-Sunburn Lotion, at 4/6, 6/6 and 10/6 and her Sun Tan Lotion and Cream, at the same prices, are positive boons to sun-worshippers. The first prevents blistering and the second gives you that delightful, even golden brown effect so becoming to us all.

Marguerite Hoare LTD.
28 BRUTON STREET, LONDON W.I.
TELEPHONE : MAYFAIR 5786

M.H.IO

THE FL
IN MI

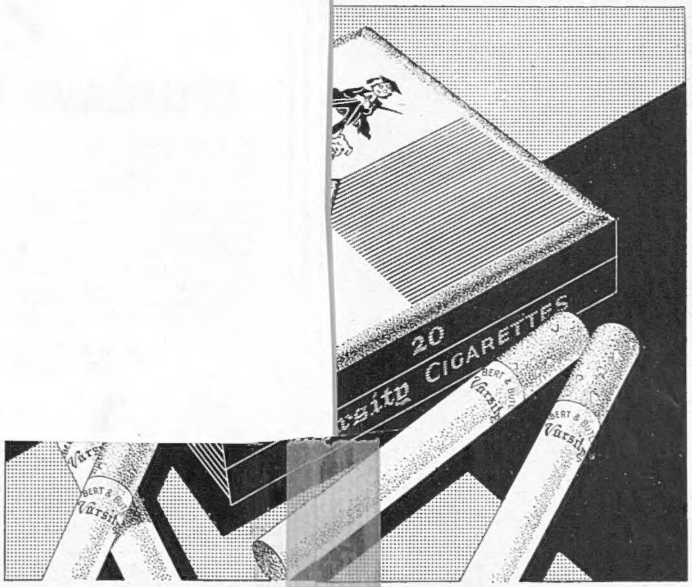


● ***Electrically propelled Models with complete set of Code Signal Flags in full Colours . . .***

Interest in our Fleet and our mighty ocean Liners was never greater than it is to-day. From the designs of G. H. Davis (Special artist of "The Illustrated London News") have been produced accurate scale working models of our mightiest battleship, H.M.S. *Nelson*, the latest type of cruiser, H.M.S. *Southampton*, and our greatest liner, R.M.S. *Queen Mary*. Each floats perfectly and is electrically propelled; they are offered at exceptionally low prices. Details of H.M.S. *Southampton* (not illustrated): Length $23\frac{1}{2}$". Price 30/- (postage—Inland, 1/6 ; Abroad, 4/-).

COMMUNICATION BY FLAG SIGNALS. Included with each ship is a set of International Code Signal Flags. By learning their meaning you will not only be enabled to increase the speed of your own signalling, but will be able to decipher signals made by ships at sea. The models can be manœuvred by hand, using small, mobile trolleys, the extra cost of which is 2/-.

Orders with remittance should be sent to The London Electrotype Agency Ltd., (Dept. K.8.), 23-24, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4, where models can be seen.



Varsity

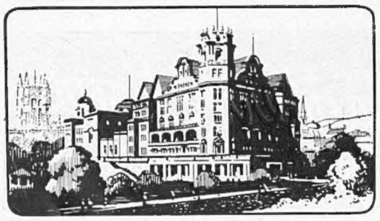
There is no better filter-tipped cigarette obtainable. The quality of the tobacco is beyond dispute—
Varsity are made by LAMBERT & BUTLER

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd V.9a

TEN FOR SIXPENCE TWENTY FOR A SHILLING

The
EMPIRE GROUP OF HOTELS
ALWAYS FIRST-CLASS

The Hotels comprising this well-known group appeal to those who value twentieth-century comforts. The keynote is efficiency in service — cheerful surroundings — amusements for the younger generation as well as for those of quieter tastes — food of the best quality skilfully prepared, and wines from our Central Cellars with a 70 years' reputation.



THE EMPIRE HOTEL
Bath

Beautifully situated by the River Avon and the Abbey. Unrivalled in the West for efficient service, comfort and cuisine. Suites with toilet and bath. Spa waters.

Hotels under the control of Empire Hotels Ltd.:

Bath - - The Empire
Blackpool The Metropole
Brighton - The Grand
Bushey - Bushey Hall
London—16 miles—free golf
Eastbourne - The Queen's
Lynton The Valley of Rocks
Ramsgate - The Granville
Scarborough The Grand
Southampton The South-Western
AND
LONDON
Bailey's Hotel Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.

Brochures and Tariffs from Resident Managers or from Head Office, 35 New Bridge St., E.C.4.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(*Continued from Page* 150)

one of the three leading pirates is a beautiful film star, beloved by both her partners in the enterprise. Romero, who took control from the first, persuaded himself that her favours had been for him alone; hence his fury when the jealous American lieutenant denounced her to him. I found his wild act of vengeance unconvincing; but in a story like "Naked Gold," where violent death is always waiting round the corner, anything may happen. Romero is a rather likable scoundrel and filibuster; the other characters are less impressive, but adequate material for Mr. t'Serstevens' highly coloured and unusual "thriller."

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Swift Shadow. By L. A. G. Strong. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)
Government House. By Susan Gillespie. (*Geoffrey Bles; 7s. 6d.*)
Sunset at Noon. By Ruth Feiner. (*Harrap; 7s. 6d.*)
Naked Gold. By A. t'Serstevens. (*Constable; 7s. 6d.*)

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JULY 14.

Across.—1. Cabinet-makers. 9. Ramshorn. 10. Critic. 12. Sundry. 13. Libeller. 15. Stylist. 16. Isle. 19. Real. 20. Stammer. 23. Obituary. 24. Strain. 26. Enacts. 27. Beatrice. 28. German measles.

Down.—2. Almond. 3. Inherits. 4. Ears. 5. Kernel. 6. Ruthless. 7. Cross-purposes. 8. Scarlet runner. 11. Winsome. 14. Elaters. 17. Badinage. 18. Testates. 21. Custom. 22. Malice. 25. Mere.

A FILM YOU MUST SEE.

"LOST HORIZON" (Tivoli).—Ronald Colman finds Utopia.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"CALL IT A DAY" (New Gallery).—A good adaptation of Dodie Smith's well-known play.

"THE COURT WALTZES" (Curzon).—A French musical fantasy of the Victorian era.

"DER AMMENKOENIG" (Studio One).—Entertaining German comedy adapted from Max Dreyer's banned play.

"I MET HIM IN PARIS" (Carlton).—Claudette Colbert takes a holiday and chooses a husband.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING (*Continued*).

"BEHIND YOUR BACK" (Carlton).—An amusing conversation-piece.

FILMS ABOVE THE AVERAGE.

"DER HERRSCHER" (Berkeley Cinema).—A fine performance by Emil Jannings in a German domestic drama.

"ON THE AVENUE" (Regal).—Madeleine Carroll and Dick Powell in a back-stage musical comedy.

"THE LILAC DOMINO" (London Pavilion).—An operetta with a gay Hungarian background.

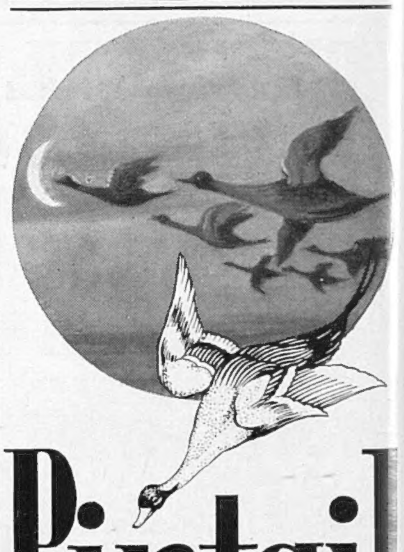
"WHEN'S YOUR BIRTHDAY?" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—Joe E. Brown studies astrology.

BY APPOINTMENT

• A new kind of sock. Self-supporting. No suspenders needed. The special patented design with a top band containing Lastex yarn does the trick. They can't come down. They don't let you down. No drag, no tightness round the leg. From 4/6. Obtainable from: Army & Navy Stores, Austin Reed, Colletts, Fortnum & Mason, Gieves, Harrods, Hawes & Curtis, Meakers, Morgan & Ball, Selfridges, Simpsons and other good hosiers.

TENOVA
self-supporting socks

Patent No. 323457. Reg. Design 748974.
Tenova Ltd., 157-161 Regent Street London, W.1. Regent 2424



Pintail Sherry

72/- per doz. bottles, car. paid.
Sample bottle, post free, 6/-.
If your merchant does not stock it, write direct to:
Matthew Gloag & Son, Perth, SCOTLAND.

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2; and Published Weekly at the Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Wednesday, July 21, 1937. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903. Agents for Australasia, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, N.Z.; Launceston and Hobart, Tasmania.

SPOKEN OVER THE BRANDY

JAMES *What a dinner! As Horace put it—Carpe diem quam minime . . .*

GEORGE *Now then—save your verses for the chef! But, seriously, here we are, going out to an expensive restaurant and paying about two pounds for dinner, while at the Grand, Torquay, you get this sort of dinner every night, included in the ordinary terms.*

JAMES *. . . credula postulo. What's that—dinner like this every night?*

GEORGE *Yes, they've an Escoffier-trained chef and all the necessary background for good living,*

JAMES *And what, may I ask, is that?*

GEORGE *I mean an absolutely first-class hotel, with a fine situation on the front and on the level, squash, tennis and golf and a procession of sporting fixtures in Torquay, a first-class band of broadcasting fame . . .*

JAMES *You must have been reading their advertisements! All right, I'll try it next week.*

The GRAND, TORQUAY

Write to G. Paul, Manager, for tariff-brochure and specimen menus. Telephone: Torquay 2234.

'Surely Mr. Chokeby a "Vantella" shirt with unshrinkable neckband would save a lot of pressure in high places'

'Van Heusen' unshrinkable neckband and curve woven semi-stiff cuffs are a unique feature of every 'Vantella' shirt. 'Vantella' shirts, too, are cut from unshrinkable, fadeless cloth and made in three sleeve lengths to every neckband size. Price, in zephyr, 9/3, in poplin de luxe, 10/6—the famous 'Van Heusen' collars to match always obtainable, 1/3 each extra, from any good outfitter.

'Van Heusen' semi-stiff collars, neckbands and cuffs are made exclusively by Harding, Tilton, & Hartley Ltd., London.

SHIRTS BY **'VANTELLA'** REGD.

COLLARS TO MATCH BY **'VAN HEUSEN'** REGD. TRADE MARK

PA3

COTELLA LIMITED, 14 MOOR LANE, LONDON, E.C.2

Looking Old?

When a man loses his hair . . . he's labelled old . . . A CHAVENTRE TOUPET keeps the appearance in line with health and vigour . . . . and is absolutely undetectable.

Write for Booklet 14 or call:
289 Oxford Street LONDON, W.1.

HIGHEST PRICES FOR **SURPLUS CLOTHES AND HOUSEHOLD ODDMENTS**

Send to Dept. S.K., **JOHNSON, DYMOND & SON, LTD.,** 24-26, Gt. Queen St., Kingsway, London, W.C.2 Est. 1793.
No parcel too large or too small.

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend. **Prices from 4 Gns.**

THE SPORTING GALLERY
70, Jermyn Street, LONDON, W.1

SUNTAN . . . . . *without sunburn*

There are certain ingredients in Larola which build up, in the skin tissues, natural resistance to vagaries of heat and cold. Larola imparts an invisible protective layer which ensures soft, white skin, full of radiant life and vigour, throughout the seasons. It is this reliability of Larola which has enhanced its value to women down through the years. Larola is as "right" to-day as the day it was first introduced. You *feel* its cleansing, softening and cooling qualities after one application—it is free of all pore-clogging ingredients. You can sun-tan without pain—with Larola. Its regular daily application prevents blistering—and safegaurds the most sensitive skin. *Insist* on Larola—the choice of particular women. Beauty and Larola go hand in hand.
LAROLA SOAP: Boxes of 3 Tablets—2/-, Single Tablets—8d.

BEETHAMS *Larola* 1/6 & 2/6 per. bottle

From all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free in U.K. direct from: **M. Beetham & Son, Cheltenham** *Write for a copy of Larola booklet—"The Cult of Beauty"—post free.*

★Perfect Fit
★Perfect Shape
★No Elastic
★Stays 'Put'

Vast numbers of women have discovered the secret of retaining hair beauty by wearing a Ladye Jayne Slumber Helmet during sleep. It is cut to a design which no other helmet can have. Get one to-day. Ask to see these new lines:— No. 878. Cotton net ... 1/- No.84. Lace net 1/6 No.85. Art silk 2/6 From all good HAIRDRESSERS, STORES & Boots

WEAR A **Ladye Jayne** SLUMBER HELMET
Also at TIMOTHY WHITE'S & TAYLOR'S.

£30 to £5000 LENT without any Security to LADIES or GENTLEMEN. Write RICHMOND INVESTMENTS LTD. 4, The Green, Richmond, Surrey.

Private CASH Advances By W. H. DURHAM LIMITED, 14, Clifford Street, London, W.1. Est. 1913
£50 to £5,000 Without Security

HAIRS SUPERFLUOUS HAIR RUINS BEAUTY!
Destroy unwanted hair by my simple, effective Home Treatment. Permanent, Painless and Perfectly Safe. 13/- post free. Not a depilatory. Call for personal treatment if preferred. 'Phone: Western 4518.
HELEN LAWRENCE, 81 Earl's Court Rd., London, W.8

EXQUISITE AND EXCLUSIVE —the best that money can buy
Dr. PIERRE'S *Liquid* DENTIFRICE
ANTISEPTIC & REFRESHING
A carefully blended combination of aromatic oils.
2/- to 8/6 from all Chemists and West End Stores.

DEWAR'S
"White Label"
AWARDED 50 MEDALS
PERTH
"White Label"
FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY
OF GREAT AGE
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS
PERTH
RIGHT IN THE PAVILION